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THE LYNDON HOUSE.

—BY THE AUTHOR OF—

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Olive Tremont's mother is very ill. Clarissa Lyndon her grandmother arrives. Mrs. Tremont begs her mother to accept the care of Olive, who is a young girl of 17. She disowned her daughter nineteen years before. At the end of three days, Mrs. Tremont dies and Olive goes to Lyndon House the home of her grandmother, and is there introduced to her Aunt, Ernestine Lyndon, and Mrs. Lyndon's ward, Isabel Nelson. One day while walking with Isabel they meet Harold Leighton who is a frequent guest at Lyndon House and Ernestine's supposed lover. He falls deeply in love with Olive, and in order to put her out of the way, Ernestine sends her on an errand to cross a dangerous bridge which gives away while she is crossing. She is saved by Harold and conveyed home. After her recovery, there is seen a beautiful engagement ring on her finger. One day she seemed depressed and had forebodings of evil and went down to tea unable to shake off the gloom of her heart.

Mrs. Lyndon was unusually silent, but Ernestine seemed in the best mood imaginable. Isabel was in her room, suffering with a severe headache.

The three remained seated at the table for some time after they had finished their tea. The servant having been summoned by means of a silver bell, had removed the tea things, when Olive, passing her hand over her eyes, made a futile attempt to rise.

"Why, Olive," said Ernestine with an odd smile, "how pale you are! Are you faint?"

But there was no reply. Olive's head had fallen back, and her hands hung limp by her side. She had lost consciousness. Ernestine stepped to the door.

"Nathan!" she called, softly. Almost immediately a tall, powerfully-built, dark-faced man entered the room. He was the gardener, and had been employed by Mrs. Lyndon for many years.

"How long will she remain like that?" asked Mrs. Lyndon, gazing in alarm on Olive's white, upturned face.

"Perhaps an hour, perhaps longer," returned Ernestine. "The longer she remains insensible the better for her."

"I'm afraid she will die." "You need not be alarmed, mother; she will die sometime, of course, but not now. Nathan, you know what is required of you."

The man bowed, and lifted the young girl's slight form in his arms. Ernestine led the way, and they passed out into the hall, and up the stairs. They encountered no one, for Ernestine had taken care to have the servants engaged in the back part of the house. They did not pause until they reached the dark apartment opening from Ernestine's room.

The chamber was well furnished. The furniture was very ancient, and the tented bedstead looked not unlike a bier with its hangings of dark brown. A lamp burned on the table, and threw an uncertain radiance around the room.

Olive was placed on the bed, and then Ernestine glided from the room, followed by the gardener.

"I have succeeded well so far," said Ernestine, as she locked the door, and adjusted the tapestry which concealed it. "I will pay you now. And I think I can trust you."

"Thank ye, miss. You can trust me," said the man, as he took the well-filled purse extended to him.

"Remember that caution is still required," said Ernestine coldly.

They went back down stairs, and Ernestine entered the library, where her mother was seated.

"Is she in the dark chamber?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon.

Ernestine bowed an affirmative. Five minutes later the sound of wheels broke the stillness which prevailed. The next moment the door bell rang, and presently a man was shown into the library by the servant who answered it. When the latter had left the room, Ernestine said:

"All is well, Mr. Lader. Of course, you did not forget to mention to the servant that you had been sent from Bangor to fetch Miss Tremont to visit a relative who was very ill?"

"Of course, I didn't. I said the woman was very bad, and the young lady must come at once."

"Very well. You have to wait here only a short time—just long enough, in fact, to allow time for the imaginary lady to get away. But the servants must not see that you go out from here alone."

"I'll be very careful."

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, during which time Ernestine took pains to be seen going to Olive's room and returning with a small traveling bag which, however, did not find its way to the carriage, the man departed.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Isabel's headache was better, and she went down to breakfast.

"Where is Olive?" she asked, addressing Mrs. Lyndon.

"She went away last night," said the old lady, carelessly.

"You must have heard the carriage, I think," interposed Ernestine. "Her aunt, her father's sister, is very ill, and she was sent for to go and see her."

Isabel expressed considerable surprise.

"It is strange," she said. "Olive informed me that she had never seen her aunt. Why did she send for her now?"

"I cannot account for the lady's whim," said Ernestine. "Olive was anxious to go. She did not like to disturb you, so she requested me to make her adieu to you."

"How long will she be absent?"

"I cannot tell until we hear from her. She promised to write to me."

can hardly control myself. I think I will go home."

"I am very sorry for you," she said again.

Olive lay for hours on the bed where she had been placed, in a state of complete unconsciousness. When at length the drug she had swallowed had spent its power, and her waxy eyelids on which a heavy weight seemed to rest were opened, she gazed around her in a state of bewildered astonishment which gradually gave place to dismay. Terror followed, and falling back upon the bed from which she had partially risen, she uttered a stifled scream.

Where was she? Was this a dream from which she would awaken presently to find herself in her own bed, with Isabel sleeping quietly in the next room? She lifted her face again. The lamp on the table burned in a very feeble, smoky way, and the room was full of lurking shadows.

Olive shivered with dread, as her eyes took in the appointments of that dismal chamber. She remembered taking tea with her grandmother and aunt, and that was the very last thing—try as she would—that she could remember. Her engagement ring was missing from her finger, and she shed bitter tears over the loss.

The moments passed. Olive sobbed until her strength was exhausted, and then became unconscious.

"Oh, aunt, for my dear mother's sake do not be so cruel."

"I cared nothing about your mother. And I do not think you will see the light of day again very soon. I have brought you some breakfast."

Ernestine turned and left the room, and Olive heard the key rattle ominously in the lock.

Hours passed. Olive had no means of noting the flight of time. After what seemed an age to the lonely, frightened girl, Ernestine came again, bearing a tea tray on which was spread a comfortable meal. Olive begged to know the time of day.

"It is seven o'clock in the evening," said her aunt, grimly. "I shall leave you now to solitude, and I hope you will sleep well to-night."

The day dragged slowly by, and Olive grew pale and weak. Twice each day her aunt came to the room.

One night Olive awoke suddenly from a troubled sleep, fully conscious that there was an unknown presence near her. The lamp burned dimly, and Olive raised herself on her elbow and gazed around. Leaning over her was a tall figure, clad in a flowing white robe, confined at the waist by a dark cord. The face of the figure was ghastly white, its dark eyes glittered unnaturally, and its long black hair fell over its shoulders. One hand was extended towards the terrified girl, and the other swept away the heavy fall of the bed curtains.

As Olive looked, fascinated by the awful sight, the figure waved its hand and uttered an unearthly cry. Olive could bear no more. She screamed and fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she was alone in the room, and all was quiet. Had she been dreaming? No, she was quite sure that she had been wide awake. Then what had she seen? Was Lyndon House haunted? She crouched down in the bed, and an appeal to heaven for help went up from her heart.

Olive said nothing to her aunt about what she had seen. Several nights later the frightful visitation was repeated, and again the poor girl fainted. After that she remained undisturbed, save for peals of mocking laughter which would sometimes reach her ears and which apparently came from the next room.

CHAPTER VI.

One day Harold Leighton entered the drawing-room at Lyndon House with the freedom of a privileged visitor, without rapping, and found Ernestine in tears. He would have retreated, but she had seen him, and he felt that it would be better to remain.

"I trust nothing has occurred to distress you," he said kindly.

She looked up at him almost defiantly.

"Leave me!" she exclaimed, impetuously. "You have no right to question me."

"Pardon me," he said, alarmed by her emotion. "And why may I not question you?"

"Because you have caused me enough misery."

She stopped suddenly, and, rising, was about to leave the room. He took her hand and led her to a seat.

"Ernestine, I do not understand you. Please explain."

"I cannot. But these slanders anger me, as well as wound my feelings."

"What slanders?"

"I will tell you. Remember that you sought the information. Your coming here so frequently since Olive went away has been made the subject of remark, and I have been accused of having schemed to draw you here."

His face flushed. He recalled the silly stories that had reached his ears. And because of them she had suffered. How thoughtless he had been. If any woman's reputation had been injured through his means he must make reparation. And how! Glancing at the pale, distressed face before him he made his decision.

"Ernestine," he said, "you know how dear Olive was to me, and how I loved her. I loved her with my whole soul—she will be the one love of my life. But if you can be satisfied with the sincere respect and friendship I feel for you, then I offer myself to you. Will you be my wife, knowing that my heart is not yours?"

She did not reply.

"You are afraid to risk it?" he said, quietly.

"No, I am not afraid!" she exclaimed. "I will risk everything."

"I will be good to you, Ernestine," he said, with a touch of tenderness. "God helping me, I will make your life as happy as I can."

A carriage dashed along the highway at a fearful rate of speed. The driver had dropped the reins, and the horses were plunging wildly.

The vehicle swayed to and fro, and the occupants—Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter—called loudly for help. Ernestine became frantic with terror, and regardless of her mother's entreaties, sprang headlong from the carriage. Mrs. Lyndon clung to the seat and groaned in despair. At length she saw a man



A HAPPY DAY JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

No suspicion of the truth came to Isabel's mind. She did not think of doubting what Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter had said.

That morning Harold Leighton came to Lyndon House. He was shown into the drawing-room, and presently Ernestine swept into the room, and greeted him cordially.

"The servant informed me that Olive is not at home," he said.

"She went away last night. She has gone to visit her aunt who is ill."

"She must have taken a hasty departure."

Ernestine glanced at him quickly.

"They sent for her," she said. "But she left these for you." And she handed him a dainty note and a package.

Regardless of the lady's presence, he tore the missive open, and read the few lines it contained.

"Great heaven!" he cried, in a voice of intense agony. "What does this mean? She does not love me! I saved her life—she mistook gratitude for love! And this package contains a book I gave her a few days ago, and the engagement ring. I shall go mad!"

He buried his face in his hands. The shock made him weak and dizzy.

"I am very sorry for you, cousin," said Ernestine, gently. "But it is nothing more than I expected. Olive is very changeable."

He raised his white face.

"Pardon me, Ernestine. This is very hard, and I

Presently she was aroused by a vigorous shake. She opened her eyes, and saw Ernestine standing by the bedside.

"Ah! you are still alive," said the latter. "I was here two hours ago, and removed your engagement ring; you did not look at me then," with a disagreeable laugh.

"Oh, Aunt Ernestine," cried Olive, "why is it that you dislike me? What have I done?"

"What have you done? You do well to ask! You have won the heart of the man I love."

"But, aunt—"

"Say no more, and I will explain what is absolutely necessary. You are supposed to be visiting your aunt. Harold Leighton has received a note from you which states that you do not love him. The engagement ring is also in his possession. When you are ready to swear solemnly that you will never marry him, I will give you your liberty."

"Harold Leighton is dearer to me than my own life, and I have promised to be true to him," faltered Olive.

"I shall not allude to the subject again. When you are ready to accede to my terms, you can say so."

"Will you tell me where I am?"

"You are in Lyndon House. But if you cry for help no one can hear you. You are in the third story. It was one of my grandfather's whims to have a dark chamber in his house."



SUNSHINE AND SYMPATHY FOR THE SHUT INS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:
This is the blessed month which brought the Christ Child to earth; the month in which the angels sang the message of peace and good will, whose echoes are ringing through the world to-day in spite of the loud-voiced clamor of sin and wrong.

How different this earth would have been, if Christ had not come, those of you who know Him as a loving, personal Saviour can realize. Let one of our band tell what He has been to her.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.—Isa. 25, 14. I am so glad that you know and love the dear Saviour, mine too. Jesus is very precious to me. I have been confined to my bed over 9 years and last 3 years or more confined partly to bed and wheel chair. I am paralyzed in both my lower limbs. I am also very deaf, cannot even hear the birds sing in the trees; my friends have to write on slate; but, if I cannot hear the voices of my friends, I can hear the still small voice of my loving Saviour, on whom I lean. I am very poor, depending entirely upon charity. I am supported in answer to prayer. The Lord is my banker, my prayers are my checks. I know not what I shall have on the morrow, but this I am sure of, I will have Jesus always. I call all the friends Jesus sends me 'my jewels.' I call all my trials and afflictions my dear Heavenly Father's 'love-knots' that bind me closer to Him. Trials and afflictions will come, must come, but Jesus comes too. I am all alone in the world, my loved ones are all on the other side of Jordan, where the beautiful mansions are which God has prepared for all those who love Him. I would be delighted to get letters and reading from any who can send. God bless all the readers of the COMFORT. Oh may each dear one give their heart to Jesus, both young and old, and may we all meet an unbroken band, with not one link missing, at the right hand of God, when the trials of this life are over."

(Miss) TILLIE FLORA WARREN,
Locke, Cayuga Co., N. Y."

Dear friend, would that we all could have your faith! We are too apt to worry about to-morrow, forgetting to trust in Him who cares even for the sparrows.

"Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On a little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face, sending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best."

Here are some brave, cheery words from suffering ones. Dear Mrs. Barrell, I feel sure that those bonds will be loosed in God's own time, and you will be set free to do His work. Even now you are doing His will each day in the patient endurance of your suffering.

"I enjoy the many letters from the cousins, especially do I like the sentiment of Maria Johnson of Pardeeville, Wisc. I, too, am one of the 'Shut Ins.' Almost 11 years ago my husband was drowned while in the brave, noble act of saving a fellow being from a like fate. The shock was too much for me, and 8 months later I become an almost helpless cripple, from the effect of articular rheumatism in nearly every joint of my body. I struggled on and on, putting my trust in a higher power, and would never give up to die, though I was for a long time considered by my friends to be at death's door. It is now almost 9 years since I have been able to hear my weight on my feet, and I still suffer terribly and am very weak. Like Mrs. Johnson I am not of the patient sort, although some call me a 'model of patience.' I suppose it is because of my cheerful, hopeful nature. Others do not call me patient. I am impatient with the long delayed loosening of these chafing bonds that bind my physical being. I want to be able to relieve some of the much suffering I see around me. If any, or all of you, would like to write a few lines of cheer to a lonely sister, I would feel a deep thrill of pleasure and gratitude for any such kind thoughts expressed, or for any sort of personal or material article that any kind cousin may feel like offering as aid to a good work; for I must consider that what is given into my hand is given to a higher cause than to personal gratification, for the more I have to use, the more I can devote to the good work."

MARY WHITAKER BARRELL, Wauzeka, Wisc."

"I see so many letters from 'Shut Ins.' and I am one of that sort myself, so I thought I would write too. I can sympathize with any one who is a 'Shut In,' although I sometimes think it is not so bad after all. It is true we do not have the pleasures and enjoyments others do who have the use of their limbs, but then we have so much more time for reading and fancy work, and so many kind friends who do all they can for our enjoyment and comfort. There is hardly a day passes but some kind friend or little child brings in a bunch of flowers or some little token of love, and then every one is kind to me and so good to lend me books and papers to read to pass off the time. I do love so much to read good interesting reading. I see there are some opposed to novel reading. I do not like those trashy dime novels nor do I read them, but I do like a good novel or story with a good moral, I do not think there is any harm in reading them if any one can learn something good and useful from them. I am a cripple from rheumatism, I have had it ever since I was 14 years old (I am now 27) and have been confined to my bed for 9 years, that I have not walked a step, my lower limbs are drawn so that I cannot even sit up, I have not sat up a minute in three or four years, but I am thankful that I have the use of my arms and eyes, I sew, knit, crochet, read and write, lying on my back and side. I piece a great many quilts, and like to piece them very much. I am piecing the double Irish chain now, it is a beautiful quilt, pieced out of red, white and green. I think COMFORT is such a nice little paper; I enjoy reading it so much, and Aunt Minerva is such a good Auntie to publish our letters for us. If any of the cousins have any good reading matter, papers or books, that they are through reading, if they will send them to me they will be highly appreciated. I will close with much love to Aunt Minerva and the cousins."

MOLLIE C. WILKINSON, Chip, Union Co., Ark."

What an example of patience to those of us who have health and strength! How dare we ever complain of our lot if it is not just what we would have it?

Our "beloved physician" is with us again, and is welcome. We are glad to have him come in his own name this time.

"A letter of mine in the September number of COMFORT over the nom de plume of Physician seems to have caused a flutter of indignation among some of the good people, readers of COMFORT. From the tenor of several letters I have received I think others may have misinterpreted the spirit of my letter. I

have been taken to task for saying, 'Get rid of the old-fashioned ideas about getting ready to die, and give attention to learning how to live.' Not having the letter at hand I don't know that I have quoted myself exactly, but that is just what I intended to convey. I did not mean to shock the feelings of the most sensitive Christian. Although I am not a 'professor,' not the least am I a scoffer, and I thoroughly respect the religious views of everyone, whether in accord with my own or not. Christianity is a broad title. One who is a Christian should practice not only Christian virtues but moral ones as well. A Christian will not lie or steal or be mean or licentious. Neither should he stand aside with folded hands and say, 'I am holier than thou.' With many, religion is made a cloak for a multitude of sins. An old colored revivalist preacher once told his flock, 'Git religion and it don't make any difference if you break the whole ten commandments. You'll go straight to glory if you only git religion.' This was the advice of an ignorant darky, but there are a great many whose education should teach them differently who seem to act on the line of that advice. Men, and women too, who profess to follow Christ's teaching must be judged by their actions. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Whether within the pale of the church, or without, actions will tell. I have rather digressed from the subject on which I started to write. My object was to reiterate and emphasize what I expressed in a former letter, that was criticized by some; that the invalids who are constantly mourning over their fate, and who are as constantly looking on the dark side of life, with rather expectation of death than hope of recovery, are the ones who will die in nine cases out of ten. In an experience of twenty-five years I have known patients to die who might have lived, had they been optimistic instead of pessimistic. I am averse to a public recital of my own invalidism, and simply say in reply to several unknown correspondents who have suggested that I had never known personal discomfort from invalidism, since the sudden inception of a fatal malady nearly five years ago. I have been confined to my chair, having the use of only one arm and hand, with which I write, dependent upon a devoted wife and faithful valet for every necessary service. Realizing the impossibility of recovery I have surrounded myself with such comforts as I could command, and await the coming of the end. I have concerned myself but little as to how or when that end shall come, neither have I indulged in useless speculations of what conditions may be



CONVINCING.

There isn't any Santa Claus,
Said Freddy—aged ten—
(Who thought he knew a great deal more
Than little Cousin Ben).
It's only just your papa,
Don't you know as much as that?
Poor Benny stood with puzzled brows,
And slowly twirled his hat,
Then suddenly he raised his eyes;
"How can it be," he said,
"Old Santa's beard is awful white,
And papa's beard is red."

found after death. Coming into this life without our volition, we found existing such conditions as were suited to our needs. In our journey up the hill of life, the same sustaining hand upheld us. As we descend the hill, and when in life's late afternoon the shadows deepen and night comes on the same Divine law is ever operative. When our eyes close on this life and open—where? may we not expect to find existing conditions suited to our new birth? Already too long have I trespassed on your space. Permit me in closing to say, while I am pleased to hear from any of the nephews or nieces I would request that they do not write anonymously under a nom de plume. Having the courage of my own opinions, I will drop the pseudonym Phylion and write over my own name. W. E. ANTHONY, M.D., Providence, R. I."

Addresses of those wishing favors:
Mrs. C. H. Pool, Mrs. M. E. Abbott, So. Cornish, N. H.
Miss Annie Richards, Elk Falls, Kans.
Mrs. Maggie Gamberline, Lilly, Ohio.
Mrs. Rosa Marquis, 619 Louise St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
E. H., care of E. A. Brewer, 21 W. Market St., Wilkes Barre, Penn.
Miss Martha Fay, Elgin, Penn.
Mrs. Ida A. Jenkins, York Corner, Maine.

With loving wishes for the Christmas tide.
AUNT MINERVA.

PARAGON, Indiana, Oct. 12, 1891.

I can recommend to the suffering world that OXEN is all that it claims to be. I have used it for nine months for throat and lung trouble. I was a sufferer for five years. Now I can say I am almost a well man.

ANDREW L. HALE.

No. 7 Warren St., Fall River, Mass.,
July 25th, 1891.

GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Me.—
About a month ago I obtained from you a \$1.00 box of your Oxien wafers, and although I have not taken them quite regularly, I have tried them sufficient to derive more beneficial results from their use than from any other medicine I ever tried. When I commenced taking them I was afflicted with what the medical profession call tobacco heart, and I had this so bad that my pulse intermitted at times every other beat, causing me great distress and no little alarm. In addition to this I was troubled with all the phases of indigestion. My stomach was so out tone that most everything I ate distressed me. My back was so weak that the least exertion caused me pain, and I was frequently unable to do anything through effects of lumbago and sciatica. I have not been as strong and as regular as it did 20 years ago. I can sit down and eat a good square meal of any kind of food without feeling the slightest distress after it, and I haven't got an ache or a pain about my body, and I honestly believe that I am indebted to Oxien for my improved condition.

Yours truly,

JOHN SLINN.



A WHOLE TABLE-LOAD OF FUN.

CARL has gotten together this great collection of games, etc., assorting up the best from an immense bankrupt stock that we just purchased for 10c. on the dollar, and to introduce our great line of Novelties, Books, Magic, and other apparatus. We are going to give away a certain number of these collections with our catalogue of Fancy Goods, etc. We are the largest dealers in this line of goods in the market, but we cannot half illustrate this grand cabinet of rare goods, and can only name a few of the articles sent with each lot. Complete game of Authors, 48 cards, set Dominoes, Chess and Checker Boards and men for same, Fox and Geese and other nice board games. Set alphabetic books, of Tableaux, Pantomime, Flower works, Clairvoyant, etc., Fortune, Shadow, and 25 other helpers; 50 choice sets Magic by the dozen; 11 other Parlor Games; Music, Whistle, Letter Games, etc., all of which we send prepaid if you will show the goods and try and get orders for some in your locality. Enclose 15c. for packing, etc. You can probably dispose of what you don't care to use in the lot for a good large sum of money. We will send 2 lots for 25c. or 5 for 50c. if you want to dispose of a quantity around home.

MORSE & CO.,

Augusta, Me.



THIS Weather Warning will faithfully forecast the weather for the ensuing 24 hours, so that you can get your own weather report without waiting for the newspapers to tell you what the weather report is to be. It is a cyclone warning. When the weather is going to be wet, a fine noble dog arises from his kennel back in the distance, and approaches the opening (see illustration above), giving a signal that there is a storm approaching, and as the storm subsides, or if it will be over during the next 24 hours, a butterfly in all its splendor appears to tell you that sunshine is at hand, to gladden the hearts of mankind. The butterfly and the dog are made of metal in handsome colors. The front is handsomely decorated with fancy designs and figures. In the centre stands an accurate thermometer; the whole thing being so simple that a child will understand it at once. When the devastating hurricane, cyclone and wind storms are approaching your home, this machine warns you long ahead, giving you time to prepare. It is a wonderful machine, and will save your life and many a dollar besides. It tells you whether you had better take your umbrella with you to-day. It tells a lady the weather, and she will know the most suitable dress to wear, etc. Enclose 50 cents to Morse & Co., Box 905 Augusta, Me.

THE MAMMOTH STAMPING OUTFIT.

A NEW DISCOVERY WHICH REVOLUTIONIZES THE STAMPING OUTFIT BUSINESS.

FOUR COMPLETE ALPHABETS AND 185 LARGE AND ARTISTIC PATTERNS FOR ONLY 50 CENTS.

Stamping patterns have hitherto been made only of the best linen parchment paper, which is very expensive, but after years of study, a new paper has been discovered which can be successfully used for this purpose for all kinds of POWDER stamping, making beautiful, perfect patterns which may be used for powder stamping at least seventy-five times with perfect success. The discovery and use of this new paper permits us to offer the first class stamping patterns at one-fourth the regular price, and in this outfit will be found for the small sum of 50 cents, patterns which cannot be equalled by any two \$1.00 stamping outfits in the market. Each outfit contains four complete alphabets suitable for every description of work, two alphabets two inches high, two alphabets one inch high, and 185 beautiful and well-made patterns, many of large size, nearly all of which are named below.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Set of 26 Initials 1 inch high. | 1 Alphabet 1 1/2 inch high. |
| 1 Complete Alphabet. | 1 Alphabet 1 inch high. |
| 1 Design Love Lies Bleeding 6x7 in. | 1 Large Butterfly. |
| 1 Outline Design Boy with Wagon 7 in. | 2 Braiding Patterns. |
| 1 Spray Wheat 3 in. high. | 1 Spray Carnation Pink. |
| 1 Corner design Fuchsias and Lily-of-the-Valley 5x5 inches. | 1 Buttercup 3 inches high. |
| 1 Bird. | 1 Sunflower 6 inches high. |
| 1 Crescent of Wild Roses and Buds. | 1 Design Buttercup. |
| 1 Design Lady's Bust 5 inches high. | 1 Braiding Pattern 5 in. wd. |
| 1 Design Sunflower 6 inches high. | 1 Design Four Leaf Clover. |
| 1 Half Wreath Daisies 8 inches high. | 1 Spray Daisies 6 in. high. |
| 1 Outline Design Girl 7 inches high. | 1 Yacht 7 inches high. |
| 1 Design Forget-me-nots 7 inches high. | 1 Dancing Girl 8 in. high. |
| 1 Cluster Grapes 3 inches high. | 1 Cluster Rose Buds. |
| 1 Corner Design Daisies 5x6 inches. | 1 Spray Roses 6 inches high. |
| 1 Corner Design Forget-me-nots 7x7 in. | 1 Poppy Design. |
| 1 Design for silk embroidery 3 in. wide. | 1 Bunch Forget-me-nots. |
| 1 Design Acorns and Leaves 9 in. high. | 2 Sprays Daisies 4 in. high. |
| 3 Braiding Patterns 2 1/2 inches wide. | 1 Design of Buttercup. |
| 1 Design for flannel skirt 4 inches wide. | 1 Design Salvia 9 in. high. |
| 2 Designs Rose Buds for baby's blanket. | 1 Vine Holly 4 inches wide. |
| 1 Outline Design Man "ye olden time." | 1 Design Daisies 4 in. high. |
| 1 Outline Design "Scout, Brother, Butterfly." | 1 Spray Poppies 3 in. high. |
| 1 Des. Good Luck Horse Shoe and Design Creasents. | 1 Large Rose Bud. |
| 1 Spray Wild Roses 8 inches high. | 1 Mushroom 4 inches high. |
| 1 Des. for tinsel embroidery 5 in. wide. | 1 Design of Dog. |
| 1 Design for shaving case 5 inches high. | 1 Cluster of Roses. |
| 1 Braiding Pattern with cor. 2 in. wide. | 2 Daisy Designs. |
| 1 Cluster Thistles 7x7 inches. | 1 Clover Design 10 in. high. |
| 1 Des. for flannel embroidery 2 1/2 wide. | 2 Designs for Pen Wipers. |
| 1 Scallop Design with Eyelets. | 1 Braiding Design 1 1/2 inch. |
| 1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy. | 1 Design Wild Roses. |
| 1 Spray of Jonquil 6x7 inches. | 2 Butterflies. |
| 1 Cluster Roses and Grasses 4 inches high. | 1 Anchor and Chain. |
| 1 Mouse. | 1 Scallop with Eyelets. |
| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high. | 2 Large Butterflies. |
| 1 Design Pond Lilies 5x6 inches. | 1 Design Pansies 5 in. high. |
| 1 Cluster Fuchsias 4x10 inches. | 1 Design Nasturtium 9 inches high. |
| 1 Corner Design Fuchsias and Lilies of the Valley 7x7 inches. | 1 Outline Des. Boy Spinning 6 in. hi. |
| 1 Chicken. | 1 Cluster of Buttercups 6 inches high. |
| 1 Half Wreath Wild Roses and Buds. | 1 Outline Design Girl Going to School. |
| 1 Butterfly. | 1 Design Daisies. |
| 1 Design Good Luck 4-Leaf Clover and Large Rose Bud. | 1 Design Swallow on Bough 3x5 in. |
| 1 Des. Penches, Leaves and Blossoms. | 1 Design of Pitcher for tray cloth. |
| 1 Des. Wild Roses and Buds 4 in. high. | 1 Outline Design Boy with Bouquet 8 in. high. |
| 1 Design Cherry Blossoms 7 in. high. | 1 Clover Design. |
| 1 Handsome Bouquet 6 inches high. | 1 Outline Design for tidy 6x7 inches. |
| 1 Outline Des. Girl and Dog 7 in. high. | 1 Spray Golden Rod 5 inches high. |
| 3 Designs Wild Roses 4 inches high. | 1 Outline Design of Girl 8 inches high. |
| 1 Palette with Wild Rose for Thermometer. | 1 Outline Design Girl 5 inches high. |
| 1 Basket. | 1 Corner Design Daisies 5x5 inches. |
| 1 Bouquet Flowers, Grasses and Ferns. | 1 Bunch Grapes. |
| 1 Rose 3 inches high. | 1 Spray Forget-me-nots 7 inches high. |
| 1 Cluster Daisies 6 inches high. | 1 Design Rose Buds and Leaves. |
| 1 Design Pomegranate 4 1/2 inches high. | 1 Frog. |
| 1 Cluster Bachelor's Buttons 7 in. high. | 1 Design Roses with Buds and Leaves. |
| 1 Design "Heavenly Chinese." Comic. | 1 Spray Wheat. |
| 1 Braiding Design with Scallops 3 1/2 inches wide. | 1 Cluster Apple Blossoms 4x5 inches. |
| 1 Design Shamrocks. | 1 Spray Daisies 4 1/2 inches high. |
| 1 Scroll Design 1 1/2 inches wide. | 1 Outline Design Girl 6 inches high. |
| 1 Design Stag's Head 5x5 inches. | 1 Design Wild Roses 5 inches high. |
| 1 Design for Cigar Case 4x4 inches. | 1 Girl Rolling Hoops 4 inches high. |
| 1 Design for Laundry Bag 7x9 inches. | 1 Half Wreath Daisies 5x5 inches. |
| 1 Duck Swimming 3x4 inches. | 1 Pretty Little Miss 7 inches high. |
| | 1 Design Tiger Lily 6 inches high. |

No such combination of patterns have ever been advertised before in a single outfit as they could not have been sold at a less price than \$2.00 per set, and here we offer everything named above, all sent postpaid for only 50 cents. Remember, these patterns are not recommended for wet or paint stamping, but only for powder stamping, which is done almost exclusively at the present time, and we guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction, and any lady who does not feel she has obtained more than double value for her money, may return them and her money will be promptly refunded. With every outfit of patterns we send full and complete directions for making the powder and doing the stamping successfully, and such other information as will enable any one to do fine work from the very start. Stamping patterns were never so popular, or so much used as to-day, and FOR should send 50 cents for this great outfit without delay.

LIMITED OFFER. Send 50 cents for a years subscription to COMFORT and receive this outfit FREE; or outfit Given Free for a Club of 4 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



New Bull's-Eye Dark Lantern.

Used by Night Watchmen, Hunters and Farmers, as it throws a powerful light far into the darkness. Can be carried in the hand or adjusted to belt for walking or hunting. The top revolves so that three colors can be shown; white, red, and green. Just the thing for Farmers, etc. by mail, post-paid, 85 cents. Send for Free Catalogue of Novelties and Fancy Goods at low prices. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

Send three yearly 25 cent Subscribers to COMFORT and receive the lantern as a premium.

GOOD HEALTHY READING, 25 Cent Books 3 Cents Each.

The books which are offered below are not like many of the cheap "books" advertised, which are not books, but simply a sheet of paper loosely folded. Webster's Dictionary defines books as "a collection of sheets of paper, bound together."

The books we here offer are genuine books, designed to sell at 25 cents each, many of which contain 64 large pages, and nearly all are handsomely illustrated. The best works of popular authors only, are published in this series.

- No. 1. The Ladies' Manual of Knitting and Crocheting.
 - No. 2. Household Leaves. A Manual of Fancy Work.
 - No. 3. The Mystery at No. 2. A novel.
 - No. 5. Needles and Hooks, and What is Made With Them. Part I. By MARCIA L. WATSON. Illustrated.
 - No. 6. Needles and Hooks, and What is Made With Them. Part II. By MARCIA L. WATSON. Illustrated.
 - No. 7. A Bride From the Bush. A tale of Australian life. By E. W. HOBKING. Illustrated.
 - No. 8. A Bachelor's Love. By HENRY D. MCCLELLAN. Illustrated.
 - No. 9. Queen Mab. A Novel. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Vol. I.
 - No. 10. Queen Mab. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Vol. II.
 - No. 11. Queen Mab. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Vol. III.
 - No. 12. Queen Mab. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Vol. IV.
 - No. 13. The Silver King. By PAUL A. DRAGON. Illustrated.
 - No. 14. 46 songs from the Popular Operas. With Words and Music.
 - No. 18. 45 Ye Olde Favorite Songs. With Words and Music.
 - No. 19. 33 Latest Popular Songs. With Words and Music.
 - No. 20. 40 Popular Comic Songs. Including many of the greatest "hits." With Words and Music.
 - No. 21. 31 Popular Irish Songs. Sung the world over. With Words and Music.
- We will send any ten of these books postpaid for 30 cts. Being only 3c. each, we cannot sell single books; BUT FOR THIS MONTH, for every 12c. forwarded for a 3 months subscription to COMFORT, we will send you any three books in the list FREE and pay all postage; you can then see what rare bargains we give. Order by number only. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



- 3 Designs of Roses and Buds.
- 1 Design of Lily 5 inches high.
- 1 Scallop Design with Corner.
- 2 Designs Forget-me-nots.
- 1 Wheat Design.
- 1 Carrier Pigeon 4x4 inches.
- 1 Star.
- 1 Spray Jonquil 5 inches high.
- 1 Spray Violet.
- 1 Design for Glove Case.
- 1 Design Tulips 3 inches high.
- 1 Rabbit's Head.
- 1 Design Snowball.
- 1 Design and Silk Embroidery.
- 1 Design Violet. (2 in. wide).
- 1 Cluster Strawberries.
- 1 Spray Sunac 4 inches high.
- 1 Peacock's Feather.
- 1 Bunch Cherries.
- 1 Calla Lily 4 inches high.
- 1 Design Pansy 3 inches high.
- 1 Design Leaf.
- 2 Discs 4 inches across.
- 1 Design May Flowers 3x4 in.
- 1 Design Horse.
- 1 Dromedary's Head.
- 1 Cluster Leaves 4x5 inches.
- 1 Clover Design 4 inches high.
- 1 Tiger's Head, etc., etc., etc.

COMFORT HISTORY CLUB



I WILL give this month a few questions on the next period of English History, the Saxon Age, A.D. 449 to A.D. 827.

1. Who were the Saxons, and what led them to Britain?
2. Effect of this invasion on the Britons.
3. What was the Saxon Heptarchy?
4. Give an account of the work of St. Augustine in Britain.

The semi-mythical history of King Arthur is included in this period; and I will offer a prize of a year's subscription to COMFORT for the best short essay on his career, to be sent in before Jan. 15. This competition is *only* for those who are registered as members of the Club before Dec. 1; but others may send name and age at any time, and thus be on hand for the next competition.

GRACE C. DEMING.

proved the condition of the country in many ways.

7. The influence that the Romans had over the Britons was to greatly improve their entire mode of living.
8. Augustine, a Roman monk, introduced Christianity into Britain in A.D. 596.
9. Traces of the Roman occupancy are still found, such as pieces of pavement, old money, fragments of plates, goblets, etc., when digging for cellars and other purposes. Severus's wall still stands, a strong ruin. Roman wells still yield water and traces of old Roman camps are found.
10. Yes, as a portion of the English language is derived from the Latin.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN OCT. ISSUE.

1. In 55 B.C. the Romans invaded Britain to punish the Britons for aiding the Veneti (a tribe in Gaul) against the Roman power.

3. In the year (about) 140 A.D. the Romans built a barrier between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, to restrain the native tribes from encroaching on the acquired Roman territory; and as it was during the reign of Antoninus Pius, it was called the Wall of Antoninus. In (about) the year 210 A.D. the Romans were defeated and the wall was rebuilt by Severus, and was then called the Wall of Severus.

4. Boadicea was the warrior queen of the Iceni, a tribe on the eastern coast of Britain. In (about) 60 A.D. her husband died and gave his property and his two daughters to Nero, the Roman emperor. By this he thought to gain protection from Roman invasion, but not so. The Romans took advantage of the weakness of the tribe, and Boadicea was scourged, her two daughters insulted, and the noblest and truest of the Iceni were made slaves. This enraged the Britons. Boadicea with a large force moved against the Romans and they were defeated, there being 70,000 Romans destroyed mostly by torture. Suetonius, the Roman governor, now moved against Boadicea, and she was totally defeated. Eighty thousand Britons were slain, while the Romans only lost 400. Boadicea was so discouraged that she committed suicide.

5. There was a continual struggle from (about) 108 A.D. until 210 A.D., when the Romans were obliged to submit and gave up the territory.

Opinions differ about the introduction of Christianity into Britain. That it was introduced there long before the time of Augustine seems certain, as Tertullian, in his work concerning the Jews, written A.D. 209, speaks of "the gospel of Christ having been carried into the waste places of Britain." Some writers advance the theory that St. Paul visited that country, as several of the most active years of his life are not accounted for in the Acts of the Apostles; but this is as mythical as the visit of St. Brendan to Mexico.

Address all communications for this department to
MEGANESAN,
(Care of COMFORT.)

From the Evening Star.

Again Appeared in New England.

It Has Many Victims in Connecticut and Rhode Island Towns.

AUGUSTA, Me., October 19.

There are a large number afflicted with the great epidemic in all parts of the country, as thousands of letters are pouring in to the Giant Oxie Co. of this city enquiring about and ordering Oxien, the wonderful food which did such great service in stopping La Grippe last season. The sales for this great La Grippe killer have doubled right up, and many realizing that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" are ordering a supply of Oxien to keep on hand, and take a sufficient quantity daily to fortify their systems against the inroads of this dread disease which will surely get in its work unless headed off by a free use of Oxien before the severe fall and winter weather sets in. We advise you to order a supply early, as later when the rush comes there may be delays in filling orders.

PLAINFIELD, Conn., October 15.
Something of the nature of La Grippe has struck this section of the State in earnest. Never since the epidemic of 1868 has such suffering from catarrhal and lung diseases prevailed here. Nine-tenths of the citizens of this town are suffering with these epidemic colds. Drug stores and local physicians are dealing out quinine in great quantities, and the ravages of La Grippe of two years ago are pushed into the shade. Farmers, mechanics, professional men, and even idlers, are sneezing and coughing, many of them being confined to their homes.

In Moosup the disease resembles typhoid fever, and commences with a severe cold. Two deaths have been reported here.

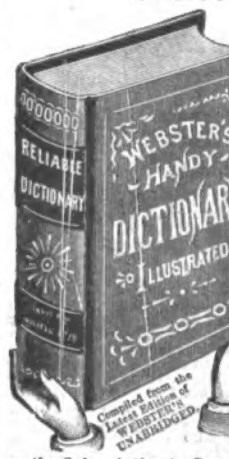
JEWETT CITY, Conn., October 15.
La Grippe has struck us again. Every one who is of a delicate constitution is suffering with the malarial disorder that seems to be epidemic. In some instances the coughing and sneezing have been accompanied by violent raising of blood. Mrs. J. Shannon died Wednesday evening of typhoid pneumonia. Many of those in the shops and stores who are suffering with the epidemic are in great danger of typhoid pneumonia.

GREEN STATION, R. I., October 15.
Nearly every man, woman, and child in this town who has strength to sneeze or cough, is suffering with a mild form of La Grippe. Several deaths in Kent county the past week have been traced directly to one of these same colds that are, if anything, more severe than the ravages of La Grippe in 1889.

WAUREGAN, Conn., October 15.
This busy mill town is undergoing an epidemic of La Grippe nature. John Doyle, William Collins, H. C. Hervey, and others are among the worst sufferers. No deaths have thus far resulted from the complaints that have their origin in one of these so-called colds.

CENTREVILLE, R. I., October 15.
One-half of the population of this place is suffering with severe colds. In some parts of the town, which has a score of large cotton factories, the machinery is stopped on account of the ravages of the epidemic. The real danger seems to lie in pneumonia or typhoid fever following, which results fatally in fully one-half the cases. Medical authorities trace the peculiar and severe colds to the changeable and uncommon fall weather, the atmosphere carrying elsewhere of microbes, that are doing their fatal work on every hand. Over the line in Connecticut several serious cases are reported.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PREMIUM OFFERS.



Having a Big Sale, every body needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 320 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail, postpaid, for 25c., or given free as a premium for a 6 months Subscription to COMFORT at 33 cents; or we will give the Dictionary free to any one sending us a club of 4 subscribers at 25 cents each.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FALSE MUSTACHES, Goatees, Beards and Side Whiskers. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES! Fun for the Million!



formation. The goatees are attached to the face with wax, and like the mustaches can be removed and replaced as often as desired. For PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AMATEUR MINSTREL SHOWS, CHARADES, TABLEAUX, etc., these goatees are suitable for representing these hired ornaments will be found invaluable. Our two illustrations show ONE and the SAME PERSON, the difference in appearance being caused ENTIRELY by wearing our different styles of hair appendages.



Price of mustaches 7 cents each; four for 25 cents; mailed postpaid.

FALSE BEARDS AND SIDE WHISKERS.

There is nothing that will so COMPLETELY change one's appearance as a false beard. A boy can be INSTANTLY transformed into a middle-aged man, that even his parents would fail to recognize. We have two styles, "FULL BEARDS" and "SIDE WHISKERS WITH MUSTACHE," as shown in illustrations. They are suitable for MASQUERADE PARTIES, PRIVATE THEATRICALS, TABLEAUX, PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS, etc.

They can be easily adjusted to or removed from the face, and young men can have any amount of fun by putting them on at EVENING PARTIES or elsewhere. The transformation is wonderful and we guarantee that the wearer of one of our beards will not be recognized by his NEAREST friends or relatives. They are made from good material, nicely crimped, which gives them a WAVY, NATURAL appearance. We have a full assortment of colors, WHITE, GRAY, RED, LIGHT BROWN, DARK BROWN, NATURAL, BLACK, and BLACK. In ordering, send a small lock of hair, or state color of beard desired. Price of FULL BEARD, as shown in cut, 60 cents; price of SIDE WHISKERS WITH MUSTACHE, 60 cents; four of either for \$2.00, sent by mail postpaid. Address MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.



We have just received from the European market a great number of large 12x24 fine broadhead handkerchiefs. They are almost an exact imitation of real silk handkerchiefs, feeling and looking like silk, and are suitable for ladies' and gentlemen's use. As a pocket handkerchief, or a handkerchief for the neck, almost any one would value them (judging from their appearance) at from 75 cents to \$1 each. We have selected the prettiest and most fashionable shades of colors, including Blue, Flax, Red, White, Fern, etc., and now that silk handkerchiefs are so fashionable, our friends will find this opportunity seldom offered to secure new and beautiful goods FREE, knowing everybody have colds, or

want to keep their nose clean anyhow. We got three soft, durable, pretty articles for a GRAND PREMIUM OFFER. Send a club of 12 yearly subscribers for "COMFORT" at 25c. each, and we send 1 doz. free, or for 8 subs. we send 6 doz.; for 4 subs., 2 doz.; 2 subs., 1 doz. Will sell a sample book for 12c. 3 for 30c., 1 doz. \$1. Don't miss this bargain. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK



ART in needle-work is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin, — "CRAZY QUILT" making is VERY popular. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECK TIE FACTORIES; for years have been burdened and over-run with remnants of many RICH goods. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big bargain. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pilows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to dispose of this immense lot RIGHT OFF. Our packages contain from 99 to 108 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember, these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample lot now for only 25c. It will cost many dollars bought at a store. GRAND OFFER: If you order our great assorted lot AT ONCE, we will give you, absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants, but we know if you order ONE lot we will send you many dollars worth of goods. THREE lots for 60c., five for \$1.00. BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, or if you send for more than one lot as above, "COMFORT" goes free over and over.

COMFORT PUB. CO., Box 999 Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE: We have an unusually fine assortment of these Remnants on hand just at this present time, and can guarantee orders filled the day received.—EDITOR.

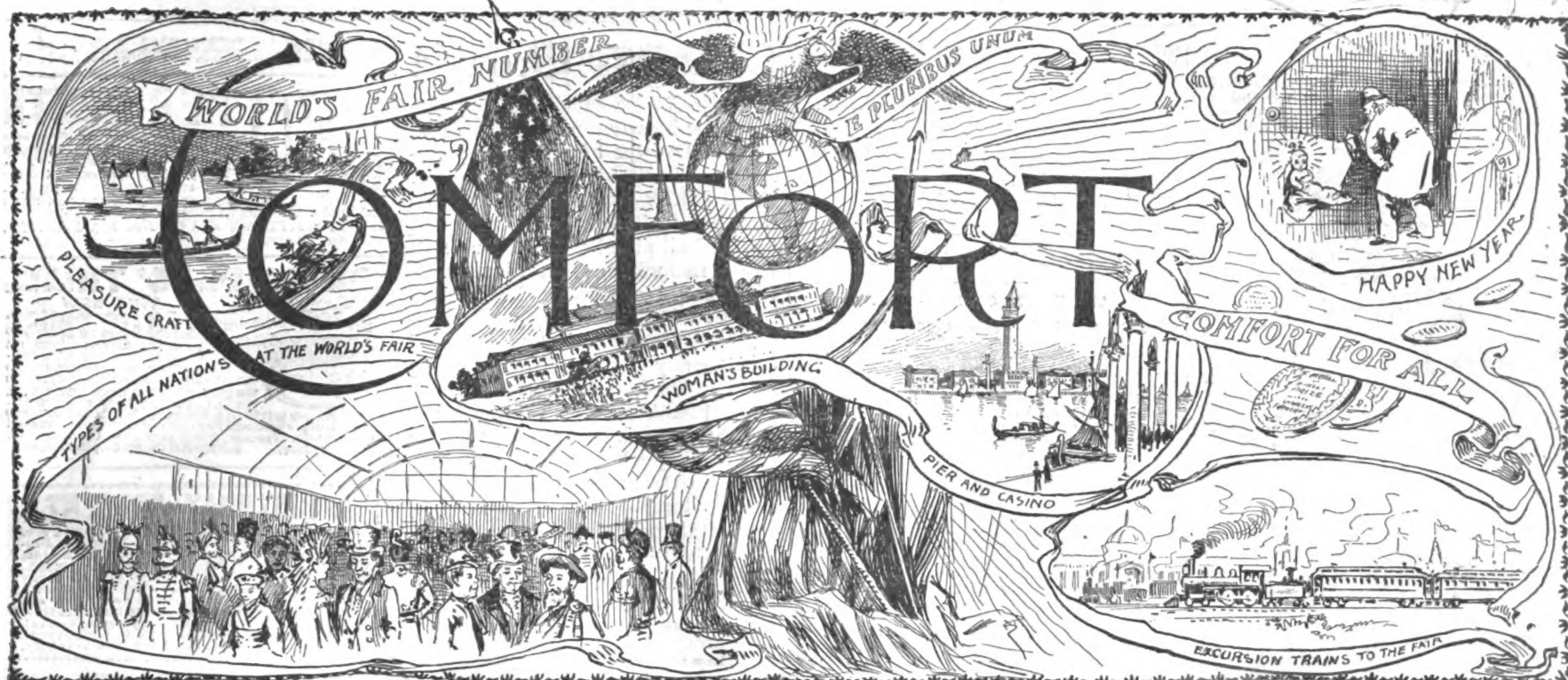
600 SONGS. THE GREATEST! THE BEST! THE CHEAPEST! WORDS & MUSIC

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Case, or Money Refunded.

WHY PAY 30 CENTS FOR ONE SONG WHEN YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK WITH 600 FOR THE SAME PRICE? HANDSOMELY PRINTED 600 SONGS IN PARVO 30c. SOME OF ITS CONTENTS: Annie Laurie, Eureka, Baby mine, Fisher's child, Bay of Biscay, First love, Canaan, Gaffer Grey, Captain Jinks, Galley Slave, Dandy Pat, Huldry Ann, Danube River, Janet's choice, Arab's daughter, Claude's lament, Aud lang syne, I wish you well, Bachelors' fare, I won't be a nun, Bacon and greens, Colin Bawn, Beautiful bells, Come back to Erin, Beautiful Bessie, Concoctment, Be gone dill care, Darby the blast, Bell Brandon, Dearest Mae, Ben Bolt, Departed days, Bessy's mistake, Dermot Aong, Betsy Baker, Ding-dong, bell, Howard, Don't come, Birds in the night, Dream is past, Blue-eyed Mary, Emerald Isle, Blue-eyed Millie, River of thee, Blue-eyed Susan, Fairy temple, Blue-tail fly, Farwell ladies, Bonnie doon, Farmer's boy, Bonnie doon, Finlay's wake, Bonnie Dundee, Flee as a bird, Brave old oak, Flying to the top, Broken yoke, Gairdell, Bryan O'Lynn, Give a kiss to me, Bruce's address, Green sleeves, Bryan O'Lynn, Green sleeves, Carlin's debt, Hail Columbia, Castilian maid, Happy thought, Castles in the air, Highland Mary, Charity, Am I still beloved?

Am I still beloved? Far, far upon the sea, Are you over my darling, Farewell to the forest, Arm in arm with Lizzy, Father Abbey's will, Aunt Jimmie's piaster, German fatherland, Away with melancholy, Gypsy's warning, Barney Bralighan, Girls are not so green, Battle cry of freedom, Grandfather's song, Battle of Otterburn, Grave of Napoleon, Blue-eyed Susanna, Green little shamrock, Beacon-light of home, Happy hours at home, Belle of Baltimore, Harpa, the merchant, Dream of St. Patrick, Hauls of childhood, Blue bells of Scotland, He never said he loved, Bright rose morning, Hickory, dickory, Brown-eyed Bessie Lee, History ob de world, Campbells are coming, Homeless to-night, Dream of St. Patrick, Grandfather's song, Dandy Jim O' Caroline, Indian's mother song, Dawning of the day, I've lost my bow-bow, Dog and gun, I would not forget thee, Down east lovers, Joe ob Tennessee, Dwelling with the angels, Kathleen Mavourneen, Elegy on Madam Blaise, Nelly of the hazel dell, Fading still fading, Kissing behind the door, Little Annie Rooney, 1 WHISTLE AND WAIT FOR KATIE, LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN, and 240 others.

The above book, containing the words and music of all of above 600 songs, sent postpaid with a 6 months subscription to COMFORT for 30 cts., or Given Free for a club of 4 subscribers at 25 cts. each. 256 PAGES 30 CENTS MORSE & CO., Augusta Maine.



Vol. 4. No. 3.

Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and the Home Circle.

M.N.39:Price 6 c.

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JANUARY, 1892.

By Morse & Co. Augusta, Me.

THE COMING WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

CHRISTOPHER Columbus began his seafaring life when he was a lad of fourteen. Thereafter he made many voyages and in this practical way, and by endless study of navigation and geography, prepared himself for the accomplishment which has made his name and fame enduring. He was an old man of nearly sixty when at last, after several years of weary waiting upon dignitaries, he succeeded in securing from Queen Isabella of the proud court of Castile the support and help he needed to equip his expedition of discovery. "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile," she said. "I will pledge my jewels for funds." And so in August, 1492, Columbus sailed with three vessels from the port of Palos.

Far-seeing man though he was Columbus could not know when, upon that far off 14th of October, he first stepped on the shores of San Salvador, that he had given to the world a continent. No human being, however gifted with imagination, could foresee that in four centuries—a time brief comparatively in the life of the world—that continent was to become the happy home of so many million people and the seat of the greatest civilization the world has known. His was a great achievement, great in itself and momentous in its results.

To fitly celebrate and recognize the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus, a proposal was made in 1886 that a World's fair be held in the United States in 1892 and ex-Governor Claflin of Massachusetts was elected President of a Board of Promotion. He took steps to bring the matter before Congress, and in July of that year Mr. Geo. F. Hoar reported in the U. S. Senate a resolution for the appointment of a committee of Senators and Representatives to consider the method and manner of the celebration if it should be deemed wise to celebrate at all. No further action was taken at that time; but in 1889 a spirited agitation was begun in various parts of the country, and as a result of this agitation and after much friendly rivalry among the representatives of the several cities whose inhabitants believed their own to be the proper location for the exhibition, an act was passed providing for the celebration and designating Chicago as the place. The act gave the sanction of the nation to the enterprise and provided for the appointment of a commission to consist of two commissioners from each State and territory to be nominated by the Governors, and eight commissioners at large to be appointed by the President. The commission was empowered to accept the site and places of buildings to be erected to be offered by a corporation organized under the laws of Illinois, known as "The World's Exposition of 1892," provided that the site and proposed buildings seemed to them to be a suitable, and provided that they were satisfied that the local corporation had a subscription which should secure the payment of five million dollars and that the corporation would be able to provide a further sum of five million dollars, making ten million in all, in ample time for its useful use during the prosecution of the work for the complete preparation for the fair.

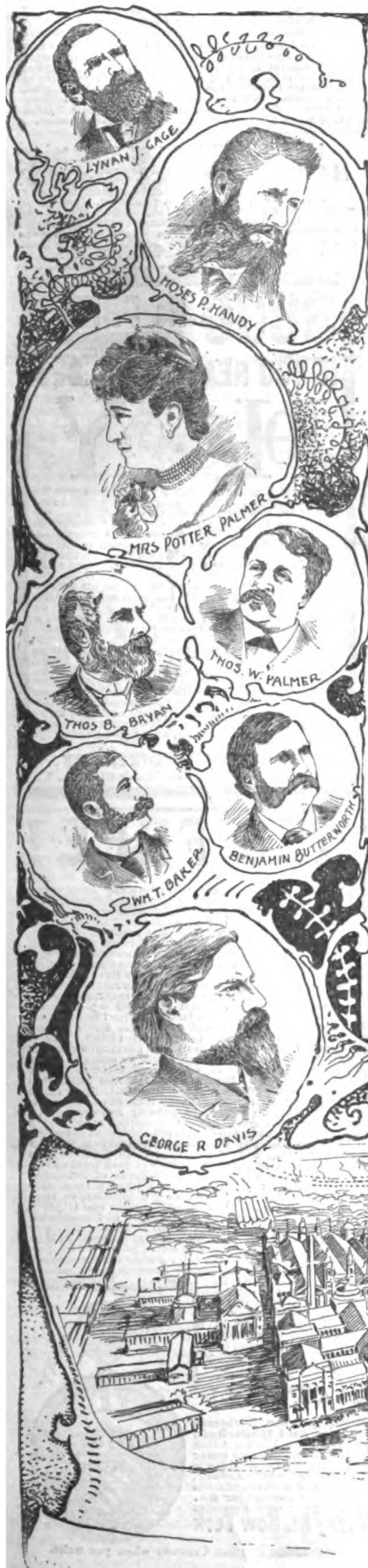
The duties of the Commissioners are stated in the act and their power to allot space, to classify the exhibits and to make all rules and regulations necessary for the government of the exhibition, to make rates for entrance and admission fees and, in short, to manage the affair. The act further provided that when the President should be notified that provision had been made for the necessary buildings and that the ten million dollars should be raised or satisfactorily arranged for, he should make proclamation through the Department of State, setting forth the time of the continuance of the exposition, and inviting foreign nations to take part in the exposition and to appoint representatives. The act provides for the entry of foreign exhibits without the payment of duties unless they should be sold for delivery after the fair when, of course, the duty whatever it may be will have to be paid.

The act states that the General Government is not to be liable for any debts of the fair; but liberal provision is made for the Government's exhibit, including four hundred thousand dollars for a Government building; and for the expenses of transportation and care of the building and the expenses of the commission two hundred thousands are appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891. The total liability of the United States is not to exceed \$1,500,000.

A naval review in the harbor of New York in April, 1893, is arranged for; but that is not a part of the World's fair. By an amendment subsequently passed the date of the fair was changed, the time being too short for adequate preparation by 1892, and the fair is to be held from early spring until late fall of 1893.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.

COMFORT'S VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS



WINTER FASHIONS.

As the season progresses fur will be the ultra-modish material for garnishing cloth and velvet street costumes. In the first illustration you will find represented a charming prome-



FUR TRIMMED STREET DRESS.

nade toilet in heliotrope cloth, garnished with fur and with silk brandenburghs. The front width of the skirt is also trimmed with the fur and silk ornaments. The fronts of the jacket have pockets cut into the stuff, the openings being trimmed with the silk ornaments which must be a somewhat darker shade than the cloth. The fur may be better or any dark fur. The front of the corsage buttons to the jacket on the underside.

The pelerine cloak is one of the most modish things of the moment. These garments are much longer than those which were worn last spring and reach half way down the skirt of the dress. If you ask me whether they are becoming or not I must answer: It all depends. Some women look well under all circumstances, in fact, they can't make guys of themselves if they try, but not so with others. They must be on their guard continually lest some cut or make-up or style of trimming or color or shade mar their good looks and rob them of their grace. This pelerine is a garment that may easily destroy a woman's grace of figure and the pleasing characteristics of her peculiar style. Now a long wrap reaching quite to the feet is in most cases a dressy and stylish garment for any woman, but not so this pelerine. They are neither one thing nor the other. They give one the appearance sometimes of having run short of stuff; and still when made up in thick cloths in a shade that goes well with your coloring, and richly trimmed and lined with silk of some bright, warm contrasting shade, they are really very stylish, but it all depends upon the wearer. As the season advances you'll see them made up entirely in astrachan which



VELVET JACKET AND CLOTH PELERINE.

is now used merely for trimming. However, in order that you may be able to judge for yourself, I set one of these pelerines before you in my second illustration and a very stylish one it is, too, consisting of a velvet jacket with the pelerine in brocade Himalaya. The jacket extends fifteen or eighteen inches below the waist line and closes in front with hooks and eyes. The back and sides of the jacket are quite hidden by the pelerine and need not therefore be made of velvet. It is quite necessary first to complete the jacket portion of the garment before proceeding to drape the cloth. In the draping, I should add, lies the secret of a stylish effect and the softness and suppleness of the material renders it well adapted for draping purposes. Care must be taken to simulate a velvet yoke in draping. The cloth must be sewed to the epaulets and also at the back, but be made to fasten with a hook in front on the right side.

Taking up now the question of a long mantle, let me describe a rich and stylish design for a long cloak which may be made up in cloth or velvet. This particular one is in velvet and well adjusted to the figure in the back, and falls in folds. In front the right side is fastened to the left with hooks. The front of this elegant garment is made in plastron style and is covered with feather trimming. There are revers with broad volants set in brette fashion. These last reach at the back also almost to the waist. The overlapping front is edged with feather trimming. This mantle may be lined with surah of a large plaid, dark ground with light stripes. A feather muff of the same nature as the feather plastron completes this very stylish costume. I have still another

pelerine to mention. It may be made up in almond or fawn colored cloth and be trimmed with pearl passementerie, or embroidered with silk twist, or, if you prefer, in raised embroidery. The yoke must lie flat and be covered with the motive chosen, which should be repeated on the fronts of the garment. The back seam is concealed under a pleat of the material. The pleats must not be attempted except with the aid of a dress form. A style and character are given to these pelerines by the addition of a handsome silk lining in a bright tone.

PRIZE ESSAY, NO. 2.

THOUGHTS ON BEN-HUR.

It is no easy task to gather together connectively, and set down in an interesting form for the eyes of others, the thoughts and sentiments that may have been aroused by the perusal of some tale of fiction, or of fact. Thoughts, sentiments, there may be; in the thoughtful reader, such must ever exist. Yet how difficult is it, to give outward expression, to that which is in the heart! The most facile pen loses its swiftness, as if reluctant to begin the task before it.

Before the beauty, and simple solemnity of such a book as "Ben-Hur," the grandest of criticism seems but childish folly, and those all mere foolish quibbles; resting, like tiny bubbles on the water, for a moment in the minds of the public, and then like them to disappear, leaving only the name of Ben-Hur, to shine as does a meteor in the sky, in the horizon of fame.

Were I critic of the best standard, I should hesitate before the open pages of this book, and for a moment pause, ere I laid a desecrating hand upon it; and I ask that those who may read this, will remember that what I shall set down here, are merely the thoughts and feelings excited in my heart by this Tale of The Christ, and not criticism.

In this era in the literary world of fiction and romance, "Ben-Hur" has not passed by unnoticed, and there are few, I think, among the thousands who have in fancy followed the varied fortunes of the Son of Hur, who do not recognize its superiority over the majority of fictitious works.

Presenting, as the titlepage of the book, the public and the interest which for eleven years it has excited in the public mind, we gaze for a moment upon this, then with reverent fingers turn the titlepage, to seek in the book itself the secret of this charm. Thus viewing with thoughtful sight this creation of the novelist, as we turn the chapters slowly with inexperienced hand, we come, with quickened breath and lightened eye, to that part wherein we feel lies mostly the secret of its fame. I speak of the life of The Christ.

I have selected as a titlepage to the narrative, the interest of the public; throughout it is a type of the life of any member of the human family to-day. In it we read of pomp and power, of poverty and humility, of strife and bloodshed, of joy and sorrow, all to end in The Christ. So our lives go on from day to day, blending together in the woof of life the dark and golden threads, dotting it here and there with bright hopes and ambitions, and then at last to end, with many of the shining hopes and ambitions scattered, broken, or given up for higher things; with one bright, golden streak—The Christ.

Looking back, "as through a glass, darkly," along the path of the centuries, something we see with our weak vision of the beauty and simplicity of Jesus of Nazareth; and somewhat of a longing there is born within us for the day when we shall "see Him as He is."

The birth of Our Saviour is certainly depicted in a most beautiful manner. Eloquence and simplicity are here so well combined, as to suit the comprehension and satisfy the taste of the learned and the unlearned, of the old and young. All may read that beautiful story, the grandest, while the simplest, in all the world, and reading, understand. Such a beautiful thing is simplicity.

Let us go up now to the gardens of the palace on Mount Zion, and standing there a moment beside Judah and the Roman, look abroad over Jerusalem, the City of the Kings, shadowed now in the dusky light of evening, yet beautiful, most beautiful! Even the power of Rome has not yet effaced that beauty. Yet, looking beyond its marble palaces and show of pomp and splendor, we see hovering above it all a cloud on its fair horizon—the shadow of the Roman eagle. From the palaces of David, the voice of Caesar goes forth over the land of Judea, the voice of authority and of power. And the noble race of kings in Israel, is there not one left? Not one! But harken, from out the dim past, the voice of the prophet speaks, "And thou, Bethlehem, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

Looking forward a few years more, we see the gilded eagle banished from its pedestal of tyranny, and Jerusalem under yet more ignoble yoke; for from the temple on Mount Moriah, in place of the smoke of sacrifice, floats the crescent of the Turk, and where once the silvery trumpets of the Levites called a nation to prayer, the hills of Judea echo the praises of Mohammed. Such is thy fate, oh Israel! And for thy scattered people, unless they "flee from the wrath to come," the golden mountains and pearly gates of the New Jerusalem may never dawn.

Another favorable characteristic of this book, and one perhaps worth noting, is the time in which the several events are narrated as taking place. Not only is it interesting as the most eventful period in the world's history; but in this age of steam, when all is hurry and bustle, and no man has time to think of his neighbor, when all things are modernized, it is almost with a sense of relief that we turn to rest for a while in the quaint, quiet manners of yesteryear, and a glimpse of the ancient Jerusalem and its people.

It may also be worth remarking, that in this work of his pen, the author has given us to see the better and nobler side of the Jewish character. To-day, when the name of Jew is spoken, sometimes with respect, oftener in derision, it is hard for us to realize that a Jew, the possessor of such a character as that ascribed to Ben-Hur, should ever have existed, yet there is reason to believe that at that time, at least among the wealthier classes of the Sadducees, a character like that of Judah was rather the rule, than the exception.

I will say but little more. That much more might be said on this subject, I frankly acknowledge. That I have not even given adequately my thoughts on it, I do not deny. A book almost must be filled with the fair, beautiful thoughts that stand out like shining gold upon the bosom of its pages; but it is for others to tell of its loveliness. The thoughts of the heart are hard to give expression to, and before the beauty of the subject the pen falls useless.

But before I lay it aside, I would say but one word more. For you who may read this, let me hope that ere the dark waves of Eternity's river draw near, you may have learned to believe in those words, the grandest, the most beautiful ever spoken, that fell upon the heart of Ben-Hur from the Mount of Calvary, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

GRACE L. ENRIGHT, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I believe that I wished you all a Happy New Year last time, but never mind, I will do so again, now that 1892 is really with us. So once more, my girls and boys, a Happy New Year to you all! Here we have three hundred and sixty-five new days before us, each one to be a little different from any which have gone before; days in which to be good or bad, happy or sad, very much as we choose to make our lives. And each one of these days will find us just a bit better, or worse, than the previous one, for we never stand still. Remember that, boys and girls, and try to grow the right way.

I do not want the real little folks to feel that they are crowded out at all by the older ones, for there is room for all. So we will hear from some of them first this time.

Dear Auntie:—I am a little girl 6 years old and live on a pleasant farm. I cannot go to school, for our school is 2 miles from where we live, but mamma teaches me at home. I like to study and learn. I have a little 2 year old sister named Ivie. I have a nice shepard dog named Ring. When the pigs get into mischief, he will take them by the ears and drive them away. If some of the little cousins will write to me and send me some Sunday-school papers, or nice cards for my scrap book, I will send them some nice patterns of toy animals.

VIOLA W. WILLIAMS, Reedtown, Ohio.

I am glad that you like to study, Viola, and that you have such a kind mamma to teach you. Learn all you can, and some day write me another letter.

Dear Auntie:—May I be your little niece too. My grandma takes COMFORT, and as she is too old to join the cousins, she said I may do so if you will allow. I am 9 years old. My home is near Jacksonville, Florida, on the high banks of the St. Johns river. It is an orange grove in an oak grove. The long gray moss hangs from the oak trees, and is beautiful as it hangs in the soft summer light. I will tell you more sometime about my Florida home and my mama and little sisters. My dear papa is dead.

Your loving little niece, ETHEL HALLIDAY, St. Nicholas, Fla.

Tell your grandma, Ethel, that she can never get too old to join the cousins, if she should live to be as old as Methuselah. She may even come into the Young Folks' Corner, if her heart is as fresh and young as many old ladies whom I have known; and there is always "room for one more" in the Chat Corner.



COASTING.

A shove, a shout, and down we go,
O'er a path of beaten snow.
What care we for noses nipped,
Slides upset and flounders ripped.
Surely naught could come amiss
When we're having fun like this.
Then they struck a buried stump,
Plump,

Bump.
Thumpity-thump!
They all went tumbling in a lump.
E. L. SYLVESTER.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I live just in sight of old Mansfield Mountain. Four years ago there came a great land-slide, uprooting trees, and sending great rocks down; it made a road over 20 feet wide down the side of the mountain. People come from all parts of the State to see this slide. I am a little girl just 8 years old. My papa is very poor, and I have very few things. It takes all papa can earn to buy bread for us five children. Will some of the cousins send me scraps for my crazy quilts?

Your loving niece, EMMA JOCK, Pleasant Valley, Vt.

Now for my older boys and girls, who have been waiting for their turn to come.

Dear Aunt and Cousins:—I am a girl 13 years old. My father is station master here, and is kept quite busy. Gravenhurst is a town of about 2000 population, and is situated between two lakes, Gulf and Muskoka. Muskoka Lake is quite beautiful, and many tourists go there to camp out. I will be pleased to correspond with cousins of my own age.

DAISY TORREY, Gravenhurst, Muskoka, Ont.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—As you have requested some of the older boys and girls to write, I take the opportunity of joining your merry band. I live in the extreme southwestern part of the "Old Dominion." The Cumberland Mountains, which form the boundary between this State and Kentucky, are lofty and rugged, though clothed with verdure to the summit. The scenery among them is grand and imposing. From the top of these mountains, four other ranges can be seen stretching far away to the south, until they are lost to view in the calm blue atmosphere. Ours is a beautiful country, especially at this season of the year. I can imagine nothing more pleasing to the eye than beautiful landscapes, or lofty mountain ranges. I like the many interesting letters in COMFORT best of all, and am sure that good letters improve both writer and reader. I would be pleased to correspond with any or all of the cousins.

Your nephew, J. F. WOODWARD, Jonesville, Va.

It is interesting to hear about these many beautiful places, and I am glad to see that each one thinks his or her home is situated in one of the finest parts of the country. It is a good sign when young people like their home, for they will not be in such a hurry to leave it and go out into the world.

spoke of forming a society of the younger cousins to help the "Shut Outs." I, for one, heartily second the motion, for there are two living near my own home. One, a poor needy girl, has not moved the lower portion of her body for about 8 years, and no one but herself and God knows what she has suffered. Heaven will indeed be welcome for such as she, who have waited so long and patiently for it. The other is a little girl of about my own age, who had her limbs amputated about two years ago. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins of my own age or older, especially those from the Southern States.

Your niece, MAUDE WELLS,

Kit, Jay Co., Indiana.

It really seems as if my young folks ought to have some kind of a society of their own. The question is, shall it be a literary club, something like the Essay Club, or will you have a band of workers to help the poor and suffering? Perhaps we can combine the two. I shall think about it, and when I find a real good plan, will submit it for your approval. Meanwhile, I am "open to suggestions," as they say.

Dear Auntie:—I am 13 years old, and live in S. W. Texas. Sister Lula sent some Indian curiosities to S. H. Witherspoon, Pulpit Harbor, Maine, and in return he sent her some pebbles and a star-fish from the coast of Maine. The star-fish is a curiosity to us and every one who comes here. They say they never saw such a thing before, and want to know where its head is. I live in the old rough, brushy, thorny Indian country. They lived here 10 years ago, and did so much mischief in burning and killing and stealing that they were finally run or killed out. Now I will tell you about myself. I have a pet cow, which a man gave me when she was one day old, and I raised her myself. I have pets of all kinds, among them 3 beautiful squirrels. We call one Sauce-box. We live in the country, and mamma teaches us at home, as it is 9 miles to the Carrizo school. With many regards to you and the cousins.

ELLEN BOLYA, Carrizo Springs, Dennett Co., Tex.

Don't you have any star-fishes on the Texas coast, Ellen? We have a great many in Maine, and the curious sea-urchins too, with their sharp thorny covering. But we do not find here such interesting fossils and Indian relics as you have in Texas. We have some tribes of Indians in this State, but they are very peaceful and industrious people, never making any trouble. In the summer they go to the seashore resorts and camp, selling baskets and telling fortunes; and we cannot find anywhere else such beautiful baskets as they make, in all colors, and woven in with the delicious "sweet-grass."

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I have been reading Tennyson's poems, and will give a sketch of my favorite author, Alfred Tennyson, a living poet of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry; also "The Princess," a narrative in blank verse; a volume called "In Memoriam;" "Maud," in which an unhappy love story is told in a broken and fragmentary way; and "Idylls of the King," comprising four poems founded on the legends of King Arthur. He is a man of rare and fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined and cultivated minds. He is a poet of poets, is more valued by women than by men, by young men than by old. I suppose that you would like to know where I live. Well, I live in "Good old Maine." I am 16 and am a little over 5 feet tall, and weigh 120 lbs. Who of the cousins would like to correspond with me? I am going to school now and have to study hard for I am in the highest class.

MARION E. HOLBROOK, East Harpswell, Cumberland Co., Me.

So you are learning to like Tennyson, Marion. He is a favorite poet of mine, and you will appreciate him more and more as you grow older.

"I am a boy of 12 years, living in southwest Va., among the broken hills. I have been going to school, but it is out now, and I have some spare time to gather fossils and Indian relics which the Red Man was forced to leave. I have a nice cabinet of such specimens; the rarest of them all is a stone pipe, weighing nearly 3 pounds. I will exchange some of my specimens for confederate money and stamps. Wishing COMFORT success.

J. H. RABET, Pattonville, Scott Co., Va.

How many of my young friends are interested in collecting. It is a very fascinating occupation, I know by my own experience.

Good-bye to all for this month.

AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

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A \$50 appointment on 30 days time, guarantee \$150 profit in four weeks or no pay. Free sample for stamp. Address, C. F. SHOOP & CO., Racine, Wis.

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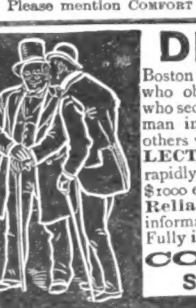
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See New York World and Philadelphia Press, May 18 and 19, 1890; also Christian Observer and Medical Journal, April 9, 1890. The Christian Evangelist, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." Remember, No Pay until Cured.



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LADIES' GENTS' SIZE WATCH Hunting-Case Open-Face FREE! GIVE AWAY \$4.00 EACH. This watch (manufactured in both ladies' and gents' sizes) is our new hunting-case or open-face time-piece—the American style movement, on the market for the price; destined without doubt to be the most popular chronometer of the future. After a brief period it will be quoted in our regular catalogue and price list at \$19.90, make special terms to agents.) But to introduce them and get them on the market speedily, as an advertisement, I have decided to give away 1000 of them at \$4.00 EACH. Each applicant at this absurd price, but as a souvenir to all sending cash order at once I will include with each one of these watches, a handsome solid gold plated chain (ladies' or gents' according to order). If, however, you wish to see, examine and wear this watch prior to purchase, send me your P. O., County, State and nearest Express Office address, stating that you will call and ask for goods at your Express Office within 5 days of your being notified of their arrival, and I will forward you the watch you name FREE TO EXAMINE AND WEAR, and if not returned to me without cost to you of one cent. Hitherto, as represented it will be returned to me without cost to you of one cent. Hitherto, irresponsible watch dealers have offered to send out watches "FREE TO EXAMINE." They forward you goods factoring in appearance, and the foolish furnish funds for them through such deception. I AM SENDING OUT AN A1 CLASS OF GOODS: If your common sense does not teach you that I could not afford to pay for this advertisement unless I were doing so, anything I may say will not need matters. I am inundated with orders from people (simple curiosity mongers) who have not the remotest intention of purchase, and to protect myself in an infinitesimal measure from such triflers, I ASK YOU TO SEND ONLY TEN CENTS either in coin or postage stamps with your order for the watch referred to in this advertisement (not as a "guarantee of good faith"), but as a voucher you will call your Express Office and SIMPLY EXAMINE AND WEAR THE WATCH WHEN SENT. Can I make you a more equitable proposition? Here in mind a handsome chain to all who send advance cash order, though I invite inspection and FREE wear of goods to those who doubt my statements. Send some chain to all who send advance cash order, though I invite inspection and FREE wear of goods to those who doubt my statements. Send remittance by Post Office Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, and address all communications and make orders payable to— [Out this out and send with your order.] W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, New York.



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DEAR COUSINS:

Did any of the housekeepers, waking upon New Year's morning, think with a weary sigh, "Another year has begun, three hundred and sixty-five days in which meals must be cooked, floors swept, dishes washed, and all the endless routine of housework gone through?" Did you quote to yourself, in a discouraged tone, "Man's work is from sun to sun, But a woman's work is never done."

Cheer up, cousins! You remember there was once a clock which tried to reckon how many times it would have to tick in the course of a year, and was so overwhelmed by the thought that it stopped entirely, until reminded by the wise cricket on the hearth that it only needed to think of one tick at a time. So with your work; only one day at a time, and soon they will be all past.

Let me see what we have for receipts that will help you out. I think I will put them in "hit or miss" this time, just as they come out of the copy drawer, and see what sort of a collection we shall find.

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, 2-3 cup of butter, 1 cup of sweet milk, 3 of flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and 1 spoonful of lemon extract. Stir the ingredients thoroughly together and bake 1-2 the mixture in 2 layers, to the remainder add 1 teaspoonful of molasses, 1 cup of raisins, seeded and chopped, 1-2 cup of English currants, washed and dried, and a piece of citron the size of an egg, chopped fine. Mix thoroughly and bake in 2 layers, which alternate with the other 2 layers with frosting between; also spices may be added to the dark part.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cupful of butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 4 tablespoonfuls of water and 2 teaspoonfuls of soda. Spice to taste. Will some of the cousins please send me a receipt through COMFORT for crullers? L. C.

SPICE CAKE.

LIGHT PART.—One and 1-2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup sour cream, 1-2 cup thick milk, 1-2 teaspoonful cream tartar, whites of 3 eggs, lard size of a small egg, lemon or vanilla flavoring.

DARK PART.—One and 1-2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup sour cream, 1-2 cup of thick milk, yolks of 3 eggs, lard size of a small egg, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoonful cloves, and 1 of cinnamon, also a little nutmeg if preferred. Bake in deep cake pan, alternating light and dark part so to make it marbled.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

One and 1-2 cups white sugar, 2 cups fine dry bread-crumbs, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter, vanilla, rosewater, or lemon flavoring, 1 quart fresh, rich milk, and 1-2 cup of jelly or jam. Rub the butter into a cup of sugar, beat the yolks of the eggs very light, and stir these together to a cream. The bread-crumbs, soaked in milk, come next, then the seasoning. Bake this in a buttered pudding-dish—a large one and but 2-3 full—until the custard is "set." Draw to the mouth of the oven, spread over with jam or other nice fruit- conserve. Cover this with a meringue made of the whipped whites of the eggs and 1-2 a cup of sugar. Shut the oven and bake until the meringue begins to color. Eat cold, with cream. You may, in strawberry season, substitute the fresh fruit for preserves. It is then truly delightful.

Miss L. G. GRAMM, Cordelia, Penn.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.

Two cups of flour, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 cup water, 1-2 teaspoon salt; bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. ROSA M. BURCH, No. Pomfret, Vt.

REMEDY FOR A SPRAIN.

The white of 1 egg thickened with flour stiff enough for bread, then thin down with turpentine and add 1 teaspoon of salt; thin it so that it will spread, and make just enough for one plaster. Make fresh every time; 3 fresh plasters generally make a cure.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS OR LIPS.

Take equal parts of mutton tallow and gum camphor and melt up together, apply as often as desired. M. V. S.

SCOTCH POTATO SCONES.

Pare and wash 8 good sized potatoes, boil until done. Mash fine and add a pinch of salt, and mix enough flour to make a stiff dough; roll thin and cut in strips and bake on a large griddle without grease. These are very nice eaten warm.

STEAMED PIE.

Make enough pie crust to line a large soup plate; pare and slice large pie apples enough to heap up, sprinkle over this 1-2 a cup of sugar, a little cinnamon, and a little flour; put on upper crust and steam 3-4 of an hour. R. M. M.

POTATO PANCAKES.

Take 6 medium sized raw potatoes, pare and grate them, add 3 eggs, and 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, mix slightly and fry in small cake like batter cakes; they are to be served immediately.

POT ROAST.

Take a good rump of beef, say 5 pounds; put in an iron pot, pour over 1 cup of vinegar and 1 of water, season with 1 onion, pepper and salt to taste. Cover with close lid and let steam until it boils dry. Turn the meat and let roast till brown, then add 1 pint of hot water, mix 1 tablespoon of flour, small lump of butter, stir into the water to form the gravy. This will take about 2 hours in all to cook.

Mrs. SCHULZE.

"I saw a request in your column for a receipt to make corned beef, have not seen any reply, so I will send one, this will keep all winter. Take 7 pounds sugar (light brown), 5 pounds salt, 5 oz. saltpetre; wash the saltpetre as fine as possible before mixing, then mix thoroughly, cut meat to pack in large jars, take each piece separately, soak in this mixture, pack closely in jars, turn plate or wooden cover over it, put on weight. This will be enough brine for 200 pounds of beef, do not put only what brine sticks to the meat. If the brine don't cover the meat in 3 days put on heavier weight.

SPONGE CAKE.

Four eggs, beaten very light, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

JELLY CAKE.

One cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of water, 1-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.

One heaping cup sugar, 1 cup strong coffee, 1

scant 1-2 cup butter, 3 not very full cups of flour, 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder rubbed in the flour.

A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST.

Take cold boiled potatoes, peel, slice in a dish, have the frying pan warm, (not hot) put in a small lump of butter, let it melt without browning, then put in potatoes, chopping occasionally with the knife, instead of stirring them, salt and pepper, then pour in a little sweet milk or cream, a very little, let them boil up until the milk is thick, but not dry, too much cooking spoils them; serve immediately.

BAKED GRAHAM PUDDING.

Take a pudding pan 3 or 4 inches deep, put in a layer of fruit of any kind, then sprinkle with sugar according to the fruit used for the pudding, as sour fruit requires more sugar than other fruit does (cranberries make an excellent pudding), then sprinkle Graham flour enough to cover the fruit and sugar, (just enough to hide them from view) then another layer of fruit, then sugar, then flour, and then pour on enough water to cover, don't stir until it begins to bake, then stir occasionally; watch closely to keep from scorching. WIDOW.

MACARONI AND CHEESE.

Break the macaroni in pieces about 2 inches long and boil in clear water till done; have ready some grated cheese, put both into a frying pan with a small piece of butter, a little salt and pepper, and cook about 10 minutes, careful not to burn it, no water must be put in after the cheese is added. NEVADA.

SHEPARD PIE.

Take cold meat pieces left over, chop, salt and pepper to taste, cold mashed potatoes, salt and pepper also; take an earthen dish, grease, put in a layer of potatoes, then layer of meat, until the dish is filled; always have potatoes on the top and place a few small lumps of butter on the top; bake till delicate brown.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.

One and 1-2 cups of sugar, 1-2 cup butter, beat to a cream, 3 eggs well beaten, 1-2 cup of milk, 2-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder; bake in layers.

JELLY.—One cup sugar, 1 egg, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1-2 cup cold water, 1 tablespoonful corn starch. Place the dish in boiling water until it thickens, spread between the layers; ice the top. Mrs. D. P.

SPONGE CAKE.

Beat 2 eggs in a coffee cup, until light, and then fill the cup with sweet cream; add 1 cup of sugar, 1-2 teaspoon of soda, 1 of cream of tartar, and 1-1 1/2 cups of flour.

CORN GEMS.

One scant pint of meal, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoon of salt, and a generous pint of boiling milk; stir thoroughly and let stand until cool, then stir in 3 beaten eggs and bake in buttered pans. ISABELLA LONG.

MEAT JELLY.

A knuckle of veal, 1 lb. beefsteak from the round, 3 pints water, cold, boil, after skimming, 5 or 6 hours, then take out the meat, and separate it from the bones and gristle; cut it into small pieces with knife and fork, and return it to the liquor; season with salt and pepper (adding celery salt if agreeable), heat once more and pour into mould, eat cold.

QUAKER CITY COUSIN.

Two cups sour milk, 2 cups corn meal, 1 cup flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls melted lard, 2 teaspoonfuls soda.

OATMEAL COOKIES.

Three cups oatmeal, sifted, 3 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon soda; roll thin and bake quick. Sift the flour, mix flour and oatmeal together, put in the lard, work that all together, then put in sugar and stir; put the soda in the water and turn into the mixture.

GINGER SNAPS.

Two cups molasses, 1-2 cup butter, 1 tablespoon ginger, 1 tablespoon soda, flour enough to roll out; bake quick.

AMY D. LAW, Box 40, Richmond St., Que.

GINGER CAKES.

Put into a teacup 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 tablespoonfuls cold water, 3 tablespoonfuls melted lard, salt and ginger to taste, fill the cup with good N. O. molasses. Mix very stiff, roll thin, cut round and bake in a quick oven. Measure again for a large baking.

MOONSHINE.

Break 1 egg into flour, mix as much as you can with nothing else, divide into 12 pieces, roll as thin as paper, have a skillet of boiling lard, lay one in, with a spoon dip the boiling lard and pour on top. Pile on a plate, with powdered sugar and cinnamon dusted on each.

VINEGAR PIE.

Line a pie pan with rich paste, spread butter over it, sprinkle a large handful of sugar over that, then a tablespoonful of flour, then pinch off bits of paste and drop over it, then more butter, etc., fill with weak vinegar, grate nutmeg over and bake. Delicious. M. L. H.

POTATO SALAD.

Slice 8 cold boiled potatoes into a tray and add one large onion to the 8 potatoes. Chop fine and add 4 hard boiled eggs. Make a dressing of 5 tablespoonfuls of vinegar to 3 tablespoonfuls of oil, 1-4 spoonful of pepper and 1 of salt; pour this on the vegetables and serve with lettuce.

ANOTHER WAY.

Cut in dice shapes, cold beets and potatoes, and place on lettuce leaves in your dish, over this pour 3 tablespoonfuls of oil and dressing made of French mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar to make a paste, lay this on top of all and serve. H. E. G.

Many thanks to all who have kindly contributed receipts.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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\$50. A WEEK We want you to sell our self-filling, self-extinguishing Non Explosive LAMP BURNERS. Sell at sight. To those meaning business, sample free. Exclusive territory given. PHOENIX CO., 22 Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.

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10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory" for 400 Years. Thousands of firms want addresses of persons to whom they can mail papers, magazines, pictures, cards, &c. FREE as samples, and our patrons receive bushels of mail. Try it; you will be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. Address T. D. CAMPBELL, D. 504, Boylston, Indiana.

OLD COINS \$13,388 Paid For 149 Old Coins. Save all you get, coined before 1878, and

Send 2 stamps for illustrated list. Shows the highest prices paid. W. VON BERGEN, 87 Court St., Boston, Mass.

I Get \$5 Salary Each week. Very pleasant work. Mrs. Leach, Danbury, Conn. Mrs. Walker sends me \$6.25 every week salary. Mrs. Mary Brent, 211 Wabash Av. Chicago. I can pay a salary of \$5 a week and increase it, to a few more ladies. Pleasant home employment. References given. Address with stamp, Mrs. MARION WALKER, Louisville, Ky.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

All Frontier Adventure Gathered into One Book. OUR PIONEER HEROES AND THEIR DARING DEEDS

Thrilling exploits of all American border heroes with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, from earliest times. Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Carson, Custer, Comstock, Buffalo Bill, Gen. Miles, Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Indian Chiefs, the Ghost-Dancers' War, etc. 230 Engravings. Boys not and Home P. Pub. Co. Box 7351, St. Louis or Philadelphia

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

FREE SILVER SPOONS

To introduce my goods quickly I make this liberal offer. I will give any lady One Dozen Tea Spoons, Heavy Silver plated, latest artistic design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of 1 Dozen Boxes of Hawley's Corn Salve (warranted to cure) among friends at 25c. a box. I ask no money in advance, simply send me your name; I will mail you the salve postage paid. When sold you send me the money and I will mail you the 1 dozen handsome Tea Spoons. If you find you can't sell salve, I take it back. I run all the risk. Address R. HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wisconsin. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

THE MORGAN PAN CAKE Bakes cakes perfectly all same. Indestructible, size can be used over and over. Wood Gasoline Oil, Wood or Coal. Saves time, labor and is the most practical ever offered. Fully guaranteed; all disagreeable odors removed; fastest seller you ever saw; no competition; agents have wonderful success; no expense necessary; splendid terms. Sample sent to agents quick and secure exclusive territory. Circulars Free. MORGAN MFG. CO., 354 W. ST. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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SPEIRS' COOKER saves Health, Money. Fuel. Cooks at same time Vegetables, Puddings, Meat, Fish, Beans, Brown Bread, Custards, Fruit. Fits any kind or size of stove. No care. Sample free to ONE person in each town. Send 2c stamp

THE "BUSY BEE" WASHER Guaranteed to run easier and do better work than any other in the world. No rubbing necessary. We challenge a trial with any other machine. Warranted for five years and money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Fits any tub. Saves time, money and clothes. Just the machine for ladies who are not very strong. Thousands of ladies who used to hire their washing done, now save that expense by using the "BUSY BEE" WASHER. Save your strength, health, time, clothes and money by investing only \$2 in this machine. Don't keep the Washer unless it suits you. We are responsible and mean just what we say. We invite you to investigate thoroughly before risking a cent. We will forfeit \$100 to anyone who will prove that we ever refused the full amount to a dissatisfied purchaser.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. Exclusive territory. Many of our Agents make \$100 to \$200 a month. Lady Agents are very successful. Farmers and their wives make \$200 to \$400 during winter. One farmer in Missouri sold 600. Price \$5. Sample (full size) to those desiring an agency, only \$2. Also celebrated PENN WRINGERS and other useful household articles at lowest wholesale price. We refer to our P. M. Mayor, Agt. Am. Ex. Co., or editor of this paper. Write for catalogue and terms to Agents. LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 145 East 13th St., ERIE, PA.

Perfection Cake Tins, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. Richardson Mfg. Co., Bath, N. Y.

999 SONGS GIVEN AWAY. Randomly bound in four volumes. Send stamp to ALBERT W. PHILLIPS, Publisher, CHICAGO, ILL.

60 COMPLETE LOVE STORIES, 11 Thrilling Detective Stories, 100 Popular Songs and our large illustrated Catalogue, FREE by mail for 10c to pay postage. EXCELSIOR PTG. CO., Alexandria, Va.

WANTED Women to take Crochet work to do at home. Steady work. Write for particulars. L. WHITE & CO., 210 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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ALBUM YOUR NAME on 25 Lovely Cards, 1 Ring, 1 Pencil, 1 Handkerchief, 1 Album, 45 Pictures, Verses, &c., & Sample Book with Complete Outfit, 10c. RAY CARD CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

ANYONE who plays VIOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, learn, ad. C. A. LOHMAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c., but send 10c. for sealed package, to make your skin soft and white, or cure pimples, freckles, moths, wrinkles, &c. Warranted. F. R. BIRD, Box 124, Augusta, Maine.

A Remarkable offer! Send 4 cents in postage stamps, a lock of your hair, name, age, sex, and receive a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address, J. C. BATDORF, M.D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY quilt of 500 sq. in. made with pkg. of 60 splendid silk pcs., assorted bright colors, 25c.; 5 pks. \$1. Agts. Wanted. Lemarie's Silk Mills, Little Ferry, N. J.

FREE SEND 4 CENTS IN POSTAGE, a lock of your hair, name, age and sex and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address DR. C. E. BATDORF, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

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Please mention COMFORT when you write.

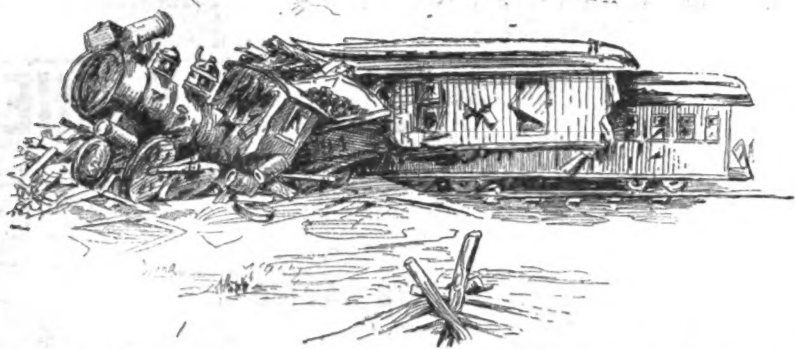
All Frontier Adventure Gathered into One Book. OUR PIONEER HEROES AND THEIR DARING DEEDS

Thrilling exploits of all American border heroes with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, from earliest times. Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Carson, Custer, Comstock, Buffalo Bill, Gen. Miles, Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Indian Chiefs, the Ghost-Dancers' War, etc. 230 Engravings. Boys not and Home P. Pub. Co. Box 7351, St. Louis or Philadelphia

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THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

The engine had been cleaned, its fires were alight and burning well, its steam was up and old Joe Colby, the engineer, sat upon a near-by bench watching with admiration the great machine he was so proud of, and waiting for the time when he would back it out, and with the many elegant cars of the fast express behind begin his long run.

"Yes," he said, "I am proud of her. Who wouldn't be? She is a darling. I have had a good many machines to run in my day, some were terrors and some were elegant; but I have never had so fine a one as this. I hope she will last my time out. I am getting too old to get acquainted easy with new ones. I had the Andrew Dickson once. She was fine! You have heard of the Dickson? I ran her miles and miles, thousands of 'em without a breakdown. I hated to give her up; but she got too slow for the fast service. She's over there in the yard switching somewhere."

"Then they gave up naming the machines and took to numbering them—got so many I suppose they couldn't get names enough to go round. It was hard at first to get used to that; but we did get used to it—had to, and I am just as fond of old 509 here, as if she was named Gladys Trevor or some other high-flyin' name like that."

"We run faster than we used to; but it is safer than ever, now. You see, they don't want accidents—no one does. Danger? Of course, there's danger; but there excitement, and life, and I love the whole business. There's no going to sleep and rusting out in it, I tell you. I am an old man, and I have been very lucky. The Super says I am careful and he trusts me; but I say I have had good luck. I have been in some accidents too."

"The worst of it is," he went on reflectively, after he had stopped a minute to relight his pipe which had gone out as he had talked, "the worst of it is that when an accident does happen some good fellow's shoes are empty. That's the way of the world I suppose—some good fellow goes down and another goes up. That's the way I got my first engine and my wife. I've been good to 'em—my engines and my wife, too. I wanted my engine bad enough, but I didn't want to get it that way."

"It was way back, a good many years ago. I was a fireman then, I had been firing for four or five years. I was a young chap then and I was very much in love with Sue Thomas. She's my wife, you know. I am an old chap now; but I am just as much in love—but that's got nothing to do with my story. Fireman's pay was pretty poor—there isn't much money in the business—not that I am complaining but there isn't much money in it at the best; but Sue and I had planned and we were to be married when I should get an engine. But promotion was slow and it was pretty weary waiting. We were a single track road—the old D. & P. didn't have then the five double track we have now. No roads did. But the track was pretty straight and we made our time generally."



JUMP, SAYS TOM.

"I was firing for Tom Long. Tom was as good a man as ever touched a throttle; but he was too brave—kind o' reckless like. We had a good run, too—one of the best on the road. They liked Tom. We had a fast train, fast for those days—from New York to Scranton one day and back the next, and Tom was bound to make his time whatever else he did. Well, on this day we had made good time until we got near the mountains. Up there around Pocus mountains, you know, the track climbs straight up and the grade is pretty steep, the heaviest on the road. Well, when we got near the mountain that day a box had to get hot on one of the coaches and that delayed us some minutes, it didn't seem many, but it was long enough to cost us a lot. Then we started and we went up that grade as I never had before and never have since. Tom was determined to make up the lost time, you see. And I worked on the fire till everything was boiling. It was up-hill and of course we went slowly after all; but the grade was just as steep down as it was up, and that was the trouble. We went on all right until we got to the short curve about a mile from the summit. Then we heard the whistle of another train and in a minute we saw the other engine just a few rods away. Tom whistled for brakes, we had no air in those days, and shut the throttle. On that grade and with our speed we soon stopped; but the other train came thundering down on us."

"Jump!" says Tom, and for the only time in my life I quit a machine in trouble. I thought Tom would follow me; but—ah, Tom was a good man—he tried to reverse her and get her going down. We found his hand on the reversing bar clinched tight afterward. Down came the other train and in a minute there was a smash and a mighty war of escaping steam. It was a bad wreck. Poor Tom didn't suffer long, and I got my promotion."

"Yes," he repeated, after a minute as he prepared to stop into his cab, "that's the worst of it. It is pretty hard that a fellow gets his chance because another fellow's unlucky."

Indigestion! Miserable! Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THOUGHTS BY COUSIN HEBE.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes that have befallen vessels of the United States navy, destroyed the sloop-of-war Onetida in 1869. She was bound homeward, with a jolly ship's company, eager to see wives and sweethearts and native land once more, when, not far out of port, she was struck by the British steamer Bombay, coming in. The stern of the Bombay cut off the stern of the Onetida. The ship was sinking rapidly, and guns of distress were immediately fired, but the Bombay steamed on her way and left the vessel to her doom. She went down, and all but one or two of her crew were drowned. The captain of the Bombay gave no other reason for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board, and did not wish to disturb her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. He was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time on, and died in disgrace a year or two later. Seldom indeed has snobbery been carried to a greater extreme and the fate that befel a man who was destined to high rank in the finest navy in the world was richly deserved. It ought to be a lesson to every one that birth and station are mere accidents and only the caprice of fortune.

MORAL.—True nobility is independent of material surroundings.

Here is an instance of the difference between the publicly and privately expressed opinions of writers, says a correspondent. Some months ago a certain young newspaper woman in a Western city went to the interview, which appeared in the paper, contained a passage something like this: "Women instinctively love Mrs. Blank. Her sweet graciousness of manner, her ready sympathy, her good-fellowship draw them to her. She is, above all things, sympathetic and hospitable. In her presence the writer realized how potent is the charm she exercises." This effusion was accompanied by a note to the editor. It read: "I shall not be able to write another line this week, I fear I caught a fatal cold on Mrs. Blank's front door-step. The old cat wouldn't let me in."

MORAL.—Don't pretend to have an acquaintance with great people which is not genuine. A barn fowl and a peacock may go together but it is always embarrassing for the fowl.

A father, writing to the New York "Ledger," says: "In a recent number of the 'Ledger,' you say: 'It is, in fact, a vulgar error to suppose that a parent's authority over a female child ceases at the age of eighteen. That is an utter delusion.' Yes. But I should like to know when it begins. Having seven daughters, varying in age from two to twenty, I have some little interest in the question. My own contribution to its solution is my statement that—beginning with the youngest—my first regularly wakes me at six with screeching; my second paints all my photographs in her earliest manner; my third utterly declines to learn the multiplication table; my fourth refuses to dine in the nursery and howls on the stairs until called down to the parlor; my fifth objects to go to church, because the preacher is so ugly; my sixth made me stay for her at a party till three this morning; and my seventh has announced that I may tyrannize over her young affections for another long and cruel year, but that on the day she is twenty-one, she allies herself in marriage with her cousin Peter, whom I hate, for his own sake and his family's. If, therefore, you can give me any light which will give me any authority over one or all of these young ladies, I shall remain uncommonly obliged."

MORAL.—It is better to rule by love than fear. The natural affection that exists between a father and daughter is strong yet frail. A thoughtful consideration for the tastes and inclinations of a young lady is the daughter's right. If parental authority is not reinforced by filial affection the result is very much as it is in this case.

Manuals of correspondence or "complete letter-writers" are dangerous things to depend upon. Not many years ago, a young man, who wished to win the hand of a young lady, pondered long over the proper and most effective way of addressing her. At last he found, in a manual of somewhat wide circulation, a form for a letter which pleased him much. The letter bore the title: "From a young gentleman to a young lady, making an ardent but dignified offer of marriage." He copied out the letter, signed it with his name, and sent it to the lady. After some days of anxious waiting, he received a letter. He tore open the envelope and read: "Turn over the leaf in your manual; you will find my answer at the top of the opposite page." He seized his manual, and in the place indicated found brief and sharply formal letter, entitled: "From a young lady to a gentleman, peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage." She was the possessor of a copy of the same manual.

MORAL.—Don't pretend to be what you are not even in the matter of correspondence. Remember the fable of the jackdaw in peacock's feathers.



THE WRONG DOOR.

Perhaps it isn't over wise
For one like me to criticize
The many, very foolish things that other
people do;
But if they'd only exercise
Their brains a bit—and use their eyes—
A deal of trouble might be saved and lots
of worry too.

E. L. S.

CARDS LOVELY 2c.

SEND for Goodspeed's Catalog of Rare Books, Tracts, Fads & Agents' Goods. A. R. Goodspeed, Dwight, Ill.

BUY OLD COINS. Pay from 5 cents to \$1,000 over face value for hundreds of kinds dated before 1871. Send stamp for particulars. Worth many dollars, perhaps fortune, to you. W. E. SKINNER, Reliable Coin Broker, 325 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught (at student's home) by MAIL. References and students from every State. Trial Lessons free. BRYANT & STRATTON'S, 21 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SILK DRESS GIVEN AWAY to any lady willing to introduce QUEEN'S REMEDIES among her friends. Send 50 cts for samples Face Balm and Hair Remover and samples of Silk. Queen Toilet Bazaar 174 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTINELL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SHORT-HAND SELF TAUGHT Send for Catalog of Books and helps for self-instruction by BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD, to THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A RELIABLE WOMAN Wanted in every county to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps. Wages \$40 to \$75 per month. We furnish complete stock on consignment. \$3 Sample Corset free. Send 18 cents postage for sample and terms. NICHOLS MFG. CO., 378 Canal St., New York.

LYON & HEALY, 69 Monroe Street, Chicago. Will Mail Free their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations, Describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws and a Selected List of Band Music.

Secret of the Harp. Makes HomeHappy. Restores Caged Birds to health and song. BIRD MANNA. The Canaries Delight. Restores the feathers. Mailed for 15 cents. BIRD FOOD COMPANY, No. 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE a handsome and useful present, send for our LADIES' TOILET CASE, it contains over 100 useful articles retailing at 90 cents. WE WANT AGENTS, and to advertise will send this Toilet Case and contents to any address for 25c. DO YOU KNOW that agents make \$5 a day in our business as easily as you can make \$1 in other business? C. Monroe Mfg. Co. Box 95, Rochester, N. Y.

A NEW HAT FOR 10 CENTS.

ONE NIGHT HAT RENOVATOR makes old hats as good as new, changes light hats to serviceable black ones. Try a package now! Mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents. Palmetto Pharmacy Co., Charleston, S. C.

A PRESENT. SEND us your address and we will make you a present of the best Automatic WASHING MACHINE in the World. No wash-board or rubbing needed. We want you to show it to your friends. We also give a HANDSOME WATCH to the first from each county. Write quick. Address N. Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 80 Murray Street, N. Y.

\$15.00 Buys a Gent's Gold-Filled (STEM WIND) WATCH (DUST PROOF) (OPEN FACE) (COMPLETE) with Elgin or Waltham Movement. Guaranteed to wear 15 years. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination before paying for same. Address C. R. BLAKELY, Bradford, McKean Co., Pa. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PRICE \$180. We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES PIANOS ORGANS Absolutely Perfect! Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we ask. Catalogue free. MARSH & SMITH PIANO CO., 255 East 21st St., N. Y.

AGENTS YOU CAN MAKE \$1 EVERY HOUR YOU WORK Our Household Specialties SELL QUICKLY at every house. You can earn Big Wages in your own locality. One Agent made clear \$60 in 8 days. A lady with no experience reports 70 sales first two weeks. All are having Grand Success. You can do as well. Do not delay. Full particulars free. No goods in the market bring in CASH quicker. CLIPPER MFG. CO., 547 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, O. Grand opportunity. Write to-day.

FREE provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Cut this out and return it to us with your photograph, with your name and address back of photos, so we can ship your portrait accordingly. Tanqueray Portrait Society, 741 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and Commercial Agency of R. DUNN & CO.

Worth \$45 FREE BOYS and GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE WITH ONE CENT OF MONEY, FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES. If any boy or girl under 15 wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (56 inch wheels) worth \$45, more, we will give it free, without one cent of money. We shall give away, on easy conditions, 1,000 or more of these Bicycles free of all charges anywhere in the U. S. If you want one write at once to WESLEY TERN PEARL CO., 324 (Formerly 308) Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

AGENTS WANTED. THIS WATCH FREE. This one is a correct picture of the watch we offer. It is warranted a good timekeeper. Fine nickel-plated case, the face protected by a heavy bevel glass crystal. The works are Swiss made. Fully jeweled. It has an entirely new patent winding arrangement found in no other watch. No key required. It keeps as good time as watches costing \$25 to \$35. Is not a toy or Waterbury. OUR OFFER We will send 1,000 Watches free every month to 1,000 persons answering this advertisement who will help us extend the circulation of our Magazine. If you want a watch send us names of 20 readers, only one of a family, and 25 cents to pay for the Magazine one year. Ad. National Illustrated Magazine, Washington, D. C.

Will Play 100 TUNES To introduce them, one in every County or Town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it EXCLUSIVE MUSIC. 100, N. 4th St., New York City.

Good Paper 3c THE WALL PAPER MERCHANTS Peats sells the best, the cheapest & does the largest business in WALL PAPER

If you have any use whatever for Wall Paper, do not fail to send 10c for postage on samples, and his guide "HOW TO PAPER" will be sent Free. Agents sample books, 51, 136-138 W. Madison St. Chicago.

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC TRUSSES have cured 10,000 Ruptures in 15 years. The only Electric Truss and Belt Combined in the world. 60-page illustrated book sent free, scaled. DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 180 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

LOOK! THIS ELEGANT WATCH and CHAIN 25c. is what it will cost to register and mail or express the HANDSOMEST and finest Gold-entire Watch and Chain to you, and they are perfect time-keepers, best make, warranted to be better than hundreds that are sold every day for \$10.00 or \$12.00 each. We know if you show it after you get it that we can sell hundreds, so, to get them started, we are going to give away one in every town or city. All you have to do is to get 20 subscribers for our beautiful magazine, and we send you this superb Premium for 25 cents extra cash, to pay express. As we only have a limited number of these to give away, you should get your club at once. They sell quick for \$8.00, and on a trade some realize \$12.00 or \$15.00 for them. Now is the time. MORSE & CO., Publishers, Augusta, Me.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER This beautiful miniature UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SET of three pieces (for the next 60 days) will be sent to any address on receipt of 95 cents to pay expenses, boxing, packing, advertising, etc. This is done as an advertisement and we shall expect every one getting a set to tell their friends who see it where they got it and to recommend our house to them. This beautiful set consists of one sofa and two chairs. They are made of fine lustrous metal frames, beautifully finished and decorated, and upholstered in the finest manner with beautiful plush (which we furnish in any color desired.) To advertise our house, for 60 days, we propose to furnish these sets on receipt of 95 cents. Postage stamps taken. No additional charge for boxing or shipping; order immediately. No attention paid to letters unless they contain 95 cents. F. I. GRAY & CO., 5 & 7 Murray Street, N. Y.

A Prize Rebus.

The above Rebus names a common vegetable used for food by every family every day. What is it? To the first person who sends the correct answer to the above rebus before Saturday, February 27th, 1892, we will give

\$150.00 in Cash.

To the second 75 DOLLARS in CASH. To the third 25 DOLLARS in CASH. To each of the next 10, A SOLID GOLD WATCH (not plated but Solid Gold), with genuine American movement. To each of the next five, A \$50 SINGER IMPROVED HIGH ARM SEWING MACHINE, with each a PATTERN of 14 to 18 YARDS. You can choose between black, gray, blue, green brown or wine color, and we will send the color of your choice. To the next twenty-five we will give to each one a handsome Genuine SOLID NICKEL SILVER Cased WATCH stem wind and set, with genuine American movement. We send these premiums the same day your guess is received, all express charges prepaid, to the limit of this offer.

With your answer to this rebus, we require you to send thirty cents, and we will mail you our 16-page, 4-column paper, "American Household Guest" regularly for six months. The March issues of all our publications will announce the result of this offer, and the name and full address of every prize winner will be printed.

This offer is made solely to advertise our publications and introduce them into new homes. We are well able and shall promptly give all the prizes offered here-square dealing is our motto. Postage stamps taken—we use them. Give your full name and P. O. address. Our address is:

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FREE provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Cut this out and return it to us with your photograph, with your name and address back of photos, so we can ship your portrait accordingly. Tanqueray Portrait Society, 741 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and Commercial Agency of R. DUNN & CO.

Worth \$45 FREE BOYS and GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE WITH ONE CENT OF MONEY, FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES. If any boy or girl under 15 wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (56 inch wheels) worth \$45, more, we will give it free, without one cent of money. We shall give away, on easy conditions, 1,000 or more of these Bicycles free of all charges anywhere in the U. S. If you want one write at once to WESLEY TERN PEARL CO., 324 (Formerly 308) Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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HAVING FUN.

"Say Jim, wouldn't you like to take a duck shooting next week?"

This remark was made by Thomas Harold, who was a great sportsman.

"Well, Tom—"

"Now don't you begin to make excuses; I know you too well for that."

"Well, I suppose that you are going down to the creek for that, won't you?"

"Yes, there is where I intend to go; that is, if I can get you to go with me. Are you going?"

"I'll let you know to-night, Tom."

"Very well, what time must I come?"

"About eight."

"Settled! I will be here sure."

Jim Weatherens was sitting by the fire that night, when Tom knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Jim.

Just at that moment the old clock struck eight.

"You're just in time."

"Oh, well I am always in time for duck shooting. Now, Jim, what do you say about going?"

"I say, 'not go.'"

"Just like you," said Tom, in anger.

"Well, if you are going to get in your splirts, guess I may as well go."

"Of course! You will never have any fun sitting in the house. So come and we will have some fun."

Jim Weatherens was silent a few moments, and then said:

"Look here, Tom, what will we need for the trip?"

"Never mind about that; all you have got to bring is your gun and cartridges."

The day appointed was around in due time.

Jim is waiting for Tom to come, when he discovers that he has but twenty-five cartridges besides his load.

"I will not go. Why didn't I get some more when I was in town yesterday?"

"Jim! Jim!" called a voice from outside. Jim goes to the door and looks out to find that it was Tom.

"Come ahead!" said Tom.

"I am not going, Tom."

"Now what new idea has struck you, that you are not going?"

"I haven't any cartridges."

"No cartridges! Why in the world didn't you get some, Jim?"

"I forgot."

"Well, don't mind that and come on, that will be enough; be in a hurry now, for we are late."

"Wait a minute."

Tom jumps out and goes to help Jim get ready, which they soon did and were flying down the main road.

"When will we get there?" asked Jim.

"About three or four hours."

"Gosh! that long?"

"That is not very long."

"Why man, it is now ten."

"Golly! that late?"

"Why, certainly. Do you doubt me?" as Jim said this he pulled forth his watch.

"Look for yourself."

"Oh, I believe you, Jim."

"Very well."

They passed the rest of the way in talking and joking.

"Now, Jim, be looking around for a good place to camp out in."

"How long are you going to stay, Tom?"

"Until tomorrow at about twelve."

"Look over yonder at that hill, won't that be a good place to camp?"

"Where?" queried Tom.

"Don't you see over yonder?"

"Oh, yes! Good for you, Jim."

"How so?"

"I mean that you are good on selecting a camp."

"Oh yes, I see."

"We will go there at once."

Fifteen minutes drive brought them to it.

"Now Jim, while I unload you bring some wood and make a fire to cook dinner with."

"Who is going to do the cooking, Tom?"

"I guess I will have to do that."

"Very well," said Jim, "I am satisfied."

Soon dinner was over and they were discussing which would be the best place to go for game.

"I say over yonder, Jim."

"Well, but I don't think that will be a good place."

"Why not?"

"There are no ducks over there."

"No ducks! what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, why?"

"Come on then and we will go over there and see."

Very soon they were over there to find more game than they expected.

Bang! bang! bang! went both of them at the same time.

Very soon they each had a bag full and making for camp well-pleased with their luck.

"Jim, I tell you what will be the best."

"What?"

"Put what we have down here and keep it going until we get enough to go home with and go tonight."

"We will do that, certain."

At six o'clock Tom went for the horse while Jim staid and kept watch over their good luck.

Half an hour later they were on their way home with thirty-five ducks altogether.

"How are we going to divide them, Tom?"

"Well, you take six and I will take the same and sell the others and divide what they bring."

"Very well; but where are we going to dispose of them?"

"Anywhere, everybody wants some."

"We will get rid of them before we get home in the morning, won't we?"

"Hello! you have made me think, we will take them to market early in the morning."

So they did, and got full value for them and went home with full pockets at twelve the next day.

I don't suppose that Jim Weatherens ever afterwards grumbled on going duck shooting, do you? JOHN H. PURVIS.

CHARLES DICKEN'S WORKS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

From the shadowy realms of the past, redolent with the must of years, covered with the dust and cobwebs of another literary age, yet bringing to us the ancient castles and blossoming hedges of "Merry England," comes "David Copperfield," the masterpiece of Dickens, the greatest of word-painters.

In writing a critical essay on this book, I shall not try to give a synopsis of a story which is doubtless familiar to every person of ordinary education, but shall try to convey to my readers the impression made upon my mind by the most prominent characters therein mentioned. Like all other productions it contains imperfections, which, however, are more than balanced by its many good points. It appeals to the higher and nobler instincts of humanity. From long association I have grown to consider David Copperfield and the people with whom he came in contact as personal acquaintances, and must be excused if I present them as such.

In the treatment which the little David Copperfield received at the hands of the cruel Murdstone, is held forth a most solemn warning to widows or widowers with children, in marrying, if marry they must, to be very careful in selecting a stepparent for these children. What heart has not been touched by the childish recital by little David Copperfield of the wrongs inflicted by Murdstone upon his fond, foolish mother and himself? Mrs. Copperfield, or properly expressed, Mrs. Murdstone, is, like all Dickens mothers, an irrefragable, warm-hearted simpleton, who by her foolish marriage with an unprincipled man brought untold sorrow upon herself and son. What can be more touching than David's grief when forced to go off to school? Nothing more pitiful than his life after he had entered the "Halls of Learning," and nothing more true and tender than his boyish love and reverence for Steerforth, the reckless, and, in the end, almost worthless boy, who defends him from the cuffs and jeers of his meaner spirited comrades. This friend, whom Copperfield in after years introduced into the cottage of the old fisherman, taking advantage of the confidence reposed in him, induced the simple minded and beautiful Emily to walk with him down the lotus-strawn path of promised pleasure, ending in the goal of degradation from which no woman can ever in this world retrace her footsteps. By this wickedness he bowed the head of the poor old fisherman, and crushed the noble and manly heart of honest Ham. Yet after having his friendship so outraged, Copperfield dropped warm tears of love and pity upon the dead face of the man who had been both his friend and enemy in boyhood.

Aunt Betsey Trotwood is an example of that class of people who bearing a rough exterior, possess a heart of gold. Her loving kindness to her helpless nephew, and her womanly care of the man who was sunk in the lowest depths of degradation, show her to be a woman of the noblest type.

And Micawber, poor Micawber "of happy memory!" What a perfect representative he is of that class of rather intellectual but unbalanced and energy-lacking men! Mrs. Micawber is a type of the woman who, having married beneath her station in life, foolishly tries to conceal her retrogression by keeping up a ridiculous harping on the worn-out string of "My family."

The fisherman's family are introduced into the story for the purpose of combating the then prevalent idea that nobility of character and tenderness and purity of heart existed only among the gentry. When we read of Mr. Dick, with his ideas concerning the great Charles, how naturally our minds turn to those dear but one-sided and single minded friends of our own! Mr. Wickfield, the pitiful wreck of a once powerful man, appeals strongly to our sympathies. Uriah Heap, who though so "very umble," dared to aspire to the hand of a queen among women, is a glaring example of a modern rascal covered with the dirt and slime of hypocrisy.

And Peggotty, faithful, loving soul, we must not forget her. With the fidelity and affection of a mother, she clung to young David, and tried in her helpful womanly way to guide his footsteps over the thorny path of life. She, it will be remembered, is the heroine of one of the world's most remarkable courtships, her lover's proposal containing only the words, "Barkis is willin'." Mrs. Steerforth is no extraordinary character. To the shame of young manhood be it said, a proud mother broken-hearted over the crumbling of the idol she has made of her son, is no novel spectacle. Miss Dartle is an illustration of the woman who in early youth must have had noble aspirations, but soured and embittered by the accident which deprived her of the small amount of beauty she possessed, goaded by the knowledge that handsome, reckless Steerforth, to whom she had given unasked all the love she had to give, had for her only dislike and contempt, she grew to be an example of the old adage that, "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

There is perhaps no circumstance in the story more frequently illustrated in our daily lives than David Copperfield's love for his child-wife Dora, though represented as beautiful, was a helpless, clinging, dependent creature, whose only charm must have been her very childishness. It is strange, yet true, that men possessing strength both of mind and body, in the majority of cases, love and marry women who are, in point of intellect, scarcely outside the pale of idiocy. Such marriages can only result in a disappointed husband, and a peevish, pettish wife, who, far from being a helpmate, soon becomes a burden. While I have a rooted dislike to strong-minded, masculine women who desire to "wear the pants," as wives, I am, nevertheless, glad to believe that the day of the helpless, silly woman will soon be over. Men are beginning to see that, to fight the hard battle of life, they don't want a doll to admire. Delicate, languid, useless women are very well to look at, but for a wife the modern man wants a loving, sensible woman whose encouraging words will inspire him with strength for his day's task, and whose cheerful smile of welcome will chase away the clouds of gloom when he returns at eventide worn with the cares of the day, and seeking the peaceful rest which can only be found in the home made happy by the tender hands of woman. This charm David Copperfield found not in the home shared with Dora. The petted semi-invalid, who seemed to feel as much affection for her dog as her husband, could hardly be a help and comfort to a man like Copperfield. And yet there is an indescribable pathos in his history of the childish innocence of his wife's character, of the dawn of a woman's love and foresight in her heart, which came not until the Angel of Death had folded his pinions over her, and when from the depths of her husband's grief came the piteous wail, "Too late."

Only in death could she see that she had failed to perform the greater part of her duty to her husband! Only when her bark was already launching upon the dark and restless waters, upon that voyage from which no boat returns, did she realize that her marriage had been a failure! There are many more points in the history of David Copperfield's first marriage which are well worth notice, but my space is limited and I must needs journey on. Thomas

Traddles and numerous other minor characters I pass over for the same reason.

And last and best in this wonderful pageant of humanity, we come to Agnes Wickfield. The pen of man cannot depict a nobler character. Serene and quiet, a guardian angel to her weak and erring father, a kind friend and adviser to Copperfield, whom through all she secretly loved, going forward regardless of self with a tender word of comfort for the afflicted and an answering smile for the happy, she was indeed "A perfect woman nobly planned."

She passed from the date of her first meeting with Copperfield to their marriage, through the deep waters of sorrow. She had buried deep within her heart the greatest sorrow of woman, a love unrequited. She had seen her father gradually become a mental wreck in the prime of his manhood. In her early youth the billows of affliction had lashed about her, and the storm winds of despair had beaten upon her helpless head. In the morning of her womanhood she had learned by bitter experience that though love may be true and tender when decked with the roses of joy, yet "The soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears." But at last, after passing through the valley of trouble, she beheld the rosy dawning of the day of promise upon the green hilltops of coming joy. Her marriage with Copperfield seems to have been one of great happiness to both. There is an indescribable tenderness in the close of his story:

"And now as I close my task, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face shining on me like a Heavenly light, by which I see all other objects, is above and beyond them all. And that remains.

I turn my face and see it in its beautiful serenity beside me. My lamp burns low, and I have written far into the night; but the dear presence, without which I were nothing, bears me company.

O, Agnes, so may thy face be with me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!"

The book is a wonderful mingling of pathos and wonderful character painting, which deservedly give its author an enviable place in the world of letters.

SOUTHERN GIRL, Sparta, Tenn.

How the Pig Got Out.

A HIGH BOARD FENCE HAD NO TERRORS FOR HIM FOR HE COULD CLIMB.

G. H. Currier of Abbott has the marvelous pig of pigs! He has been somewhat bothered lately by his pig getting out of its pen and taking a bath in the river. Every time he got out Mr. Currier would board his pen up a little higher, but that did not stop the pig, so Mr. Currier, feeling a little vexed, watched and found out the secret. The boards were nailed on two or three inches apart, and the pig would climb to the top by putting his toes in the cracks, there being a rope suspended over the outside he would catch it in his mouth and lower himself to the ground.

Did anyone ever wonder what becomes of the old bank bills when too much worn to be kept in circulation? We know they are redeemed at the sub-treasuries, but what is done with them then, or what became of the paper money that was in use several years ago when there was no silver money in circulation with which to make change?

During Grant's administration this scrip and the accumulation of worn out bank bills were gathered together in the Treasury at Washington in one huge, ragged, ill-smelling pile, of which the clerks who counted it were afraid for fear disease lurked in it. This dirty paper had all been redeemed with silver money and represented hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The pile was set on fire and burned in the presence of several officials, and afterward the ashes were taken and mixed with some adhesive substances. From the composition thus made was modeled a statuette a foot high of a broken, fluted column, and also a perfect facsimile of the old Liberty bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The bell has the appearance of dark granite and is six inches high, with the date 1776 indented upon one side, the familiar crack on the other.

These mementoes were presented to the late Hon. Charles E. Conant, at that time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

HAIRPINS.

Proud man will never know what he loses by not being familiar with that useful article, a hairpin; though it was he who originated that obscure bit of slang, "I'm not that kind of a hairpin!"

The masculine world at large is painfully ignorant of the many uses to which an accommodating hairpin may be put in cases of emergency. They have the mistaken idea that the frivolous sex use the pins exclusively to button their boots and their gloves. That is an idea born of gross ignorance.

They have never perhaps had the felicity of eating that luscious bivalve cleft the oyster with a hairpin.

In the scribbler's boarding-school days that edible of iniquity, the harmless, silent oyster was forbidden us from some sinister motive unknown to our youthful minds. As strenuously as it was denied us as strenuously we were determined to have that excluded luxury.

Being human and naturally prone to evil the aforesaid scribbler was the ringleader in the grand oyster mutiny that broke out in that once peaceful seminary. We recall a secret visit to an obscure tinsmith's shop, our subsequent possession of a tin pail and when that unsuspecting looking pail entered the seminary under a long feminine cloak it was always filled with fresh oysters. Our chums and our chum's chums were silently bidden to the feast by a knowing wink. At every surreptitious oyster banquet a paper of new hairpins with which to harpoon the *fruits de mare* was opened and passed around in lieu of knives and forks.

That was long, long ago but the flavor of those forbidden oysters is a cherished memory yet. Ambrosia to-day would not be so keenly relished.

And when one inadvertently rends her garments on an inconvenient occasion what more useful to hold the ragged edges together till proper repairs can be made than an obliging hairpin? Great respect should be shown that universal, feminine utensil.

And poor unfortunate man, we pityingly ask what has he for a substitute for that indispensable article?

HARE PINZ.

A Dangerous Position.—Spacer: I want to get my life insured for \$5,000; I am a newspaper man.

Agent.—What work do you do?

"Theatrical."

"Ever criticize amateurs?"

"Yes; and give 'em what they deserve."

"Clerk, write Mr. Spacer a policy—extra hazardous, mind!"—Lake Shore News.

COMFORT.

It was a glad "good morning" As "Comfort" passed on its way, But father could not withstand it, So "Comfort" came to stay.

And it brought with it its sunshine, You would really believe me, I say, Had you seen the morning's glory It spread over us that day.

And it soothed the mind of the father, For after the day's vexing care A smile illumined his face.

'Twas "Comfort" brought it there. And it calmed the worrisome spirit That the anxious mother acquired, For gone is the careworn look.

'Twas "Comfort" removed the briers. And the children are carefully scanning Each line that is written to them, And eagerly, busily planning With "Comfort" in each little den.

It was only a glad "good morning" As "Comfort" passed on its way, But each of us know a good thing, And "Comfort" shall surely stay.

INA E. BROWN.

He Wanted Particulars.

They are still indulging in reminiscences of Gen. John Stark. It was on one of the early anniversaries of the battle of Bennington that the old hero happened to be in church when he heard the parson preach a long sermon on that memorable fight and the incidents connected with it, though no mention was made of Stark's gallant service there. Then the parson made a long prayer, in which he gave thanks to the God of battles for the victory which had been won at Bennington. The old general's patience finally became exhausted, and he arose in his pew and exclaimed:

"Mr. Parson, will you kindly mention the fact that Gen. John Stark was there?"—Boston Herald.

Kindness Misapplied.

What's the matter?" asked the kind-hearted old gentleman of the boy who was weeping bitterly.

"I g-got two nice clean blocks, an' them fellers took 'em away from me."

"Well! well!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Did you want them very bad?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Hasn't your mother any kindling?"

"N-no, sir, she ai-aint."

"Father too poor to buy any?"

"N-no, sir."

"Does he drink?"

"S-some."

"Humph. Very proper pride. I see it all," was the kind-hearted comment.

"But you wanted the blocks for kindling, didn't you?"

"N-no, sir."

"What did you want them for, then?"

"I want 'em t-to hit together and m-make a dickens of a u-noise with, sir."

The kind-hearted gentleman turned the corner almost at a trot to avoid missing an appointment.—Washington Post.

His Limit.

A disappointed fish peddler was belaboring his slow but patient horse in a street in Georgetown, D. C., the other day, and calling out his wares at intervals, as:

"Herrin, herrin, fresh herrin!"

A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window:

"Have you no mercy?"

"No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin!"—Forest and Stream.

New Haven's Champion Dog.

WHIPPED FOR DESTROYING A DUSTER HE STEALS A NEW ONE.

Mrs. F. W. Robinson of 571 Chapel Street has a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from the sitting-room and took it out in the yard to play with. During a frolic the feathers were all torn out. Mrs. Robinson took the handle and gave the dog a severe whipping. About an hour afterward the dog walked into the yard with a bran new duster, like the one he had destroyed, in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new duster at her feet. The mark on it showed that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring fancy goods store.

Nerve Tonic.

The following good story of Ned Sothern is going the round of the papers. Any one who has ever heard his Lord Chumley will appreciate the words: "A short time ago Mr. Sothern was riding in a New York elevated car and had occasion to administer a cutting rebuke, while at the same time he put into it more humor than is usual with such rebukes. An old lady, laden with bundles, stood in the aisle, weary and almost ill with fatigue. Close beside her sat a big brute, spread out comfortably and complacently over the space that two people could easily occupy, and refusing to budge an inch when the lady mildly looked with longing eyes upon the seat. Everybody glared at him, but he took no notice of that; there were muttered words of disapproval, but he paid no attention to those. At last Sothern, with one of those Lord Chumley stares, so full of innocence and simple good nature, leaned over from the strap on which he hung, and in a very audible stage whisper, inquired:

"Excuse me, s-s-sir, but would you kindly t-t-tell me what k-k-kind of nerve tonic you use?"

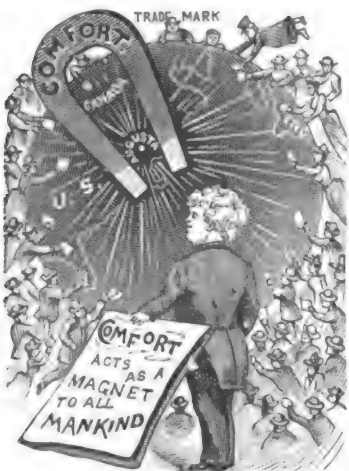
"Even the roar of laughter which followed in the car did not bring a wrinkle to the mildly beaming face of Lord Chumley, but it did make the old hog leave his seat and the car."

A Mighty Army.

There is in this country the greatest army in the world—not a standing army, but a constantly moving body of 700,000 men, who march and counter-march day and night, through heat and cold, from year's end to year's end. Each year they have 2,000 killed and 20,000 wounded. One man in 357 lost his life last year, one in every 35 was wounded, and the total loss by the operatives of the army was 5,853 killed and 25,309 wounded. Upon the soldiers of this army 3,000,000 of our people depend for their living. This army and its soldiers are the railroad employees of America.

A Commentary on her Father.

A Williamsport girl, who in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own. I have a parrot that can swear, and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."



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WHAT IS COMFORT?

What is comfort? To be owner
Of an Independence great?
To be wealthy, and a donor
Of your gifts throughout the State?
Is it by luxurious living
To achieve a certain fame,
Or, by charitable giving
To acquire an honored name?
What is comfort? To be able
To call servants at command?
To have horses in your stable—
Houses, country seats so grand?
Is it to be free from labor,
Or from suffering to be freed?
Or to help a worthy neighbor
If of aid he should have need?
What is COMFORT? Through the nation
Known where'er it circulates,
As the foremost publication
That is printed in the States.
Reaching hamlet, town and city,
Welcome everywhere it goes,
And its wondrous value pretty
Nearly ev'ry reader knows!

THE TWENTY-PAGE WORLD'S FAIR NUMBER.

As the Great Columbian Fair will be inaugurated this year we make this the World's Fair No., and will follow up the plan of giving our readers an idea of the vast exhibition by presenting sketches and descriptive articles relating to the Fair each month. Subscribe for the whole year now while it only costs 25c.

THE MID-WINTER NUMBER.

Our February issue will be well illustrated with sketches appropriate to Washington's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day and the World's Fair. The phenomenal success of "Comfort" assures us that a circulation of TWO MILLION can now be obtained and we trust all old subscribers will renew and many new ones be added before the next month's issue. Get up a club and obtain some premium free.

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Did you realize that it only costs about 2c. a month to take "Comfort" when you subscribe at the present low yearly rate. Who is there in this broad land who cannot spare a 2 cent piece each month to invest in this popular, entertaining and instructive monthly? Certainly there are none but what can send 25c. and receive it for the whole of this year of 1892. Don't delay, send to-day.

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As we send out several thousand sample copies of Comfort each month, addressed to people who are unacquainted with us, we hereby introduce ourselves to you. We have been located in Augusta, Maine, dealing in novelties, next door to the post-office, for many years, and occupy three stories of Hunt's Block, adjoining the Granite National Bank. One of the five apartments is a display room 50 x 60 feet, and we carry the largest assortment in our line east of New York. We also occupy a very large building, nearly 40 x 120 feet, on east side of Kennebec River, as a manufactory, and our 5 story Brick Publishing House is 50 x 70. We refer you to Hon. Geo. E. Macomber, Ex-Mayor of Augusta; Postmaster Manley; A. M. Goddard, Esq., City Solicitor; Treby Johnson, Cashier Granite National Bank, or any publisher or business house in the city. Hon. James G. Blaine and Governor E. C. Bureleigh, and many leading men of the State and country, are regular customers of ours. So if there are any goods among our premiums that you feel a desire for, you may feel perfectly safe in sending your money to us. See special notice about Giant Catalogue, and send for one at once; or get up a club for Comfort, and secure the benefit of special offers. Yours truly,

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Thoughts by THE EDITOR.

THE ever-increasing glory of the Christmas festival has in late years robbed its twin fete, the birthday of the New Year, of much of its ancient splendor; but it still remains and will so continue till the end of time, one of the most joyous feasts in the calendar. The reason is obvious. It marks the soul's resting place as it were. Even the most ancient nations observed that with divine regularity, season succeeded season and that it required the full lapse of what we now call a year for the earth to run its seed and harvest time, sink to rest for its long sleep and then awaken on or about the first day of January when the short dark days begin to lengthen out and hope springs anew in the breast of man. Every nation has its New Year, but naturally this festival varies according as the nations of the earth make up their calendars. We busy people of the new world have from the very date of our arrival upon these shores had no time to make over our calendar. In fact so busy were we for the first century of our existence as a nation, that

dance. But no doubt some bright little maid or master will want to know why this first month of the year is called January and where it got this strange name, for surely, he or she will say, it is not good plain English. Nor is it, for it is from the ancient Romans that we get the word and this is the way it all came about: After the death of Romulus, the founder of the City of Rome, it so happened that a very good and wise king came to the throne. His name was Numa and he busied himself making laws for his people and among other good things he did for them was to make up a calendar, placing the beginning of the year just where it is now and as the month of January marked the lengthening out of the days, the ever-increasing power of the sun, how natural was it that this month should be named for the god of the sun who was called Janus. Now if you will pronounce Janus quickly, you will find that it sounds Janus, hence our word January. It is, you must admit, a good way back to go for a name, but it is a very appropriate one. January, the Sun Month! And there is still another interesting point to speak about. Janus had two faces, the one the face of a wrinkled old man which looked back toward the old year, and the other the face of a smiling youth which looked forward glad and hopeful toward the new year which was just beginning.

Now that we know why the first day of January was chosen to mark the beginning of the New Year and why it is called January, let us consider the significance of this Happy New Year's Day, for there is a great difference be-

DON'TS AND BETTER NOTS.

PLAIN PHILOSOPHY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Don't turn over a new leaf and continue the same old account upon it.

Don't call a man mean because he keeps his expenditures inside of his receipts; he would be mean if he didn't.

Better not tell your neighbor your troubles unless you are willing to listen to his.

Better not move into a larger house this year, for comfort loves narrow quarters.

Don't forget that the New Year will be the old one next year this time.

Don't try to talk a slander down, live it down.

Better not buy a new hat this year, you can only wear one at a time.

Don't think that an unfortunate man is any better off because you pity him, unless you set a price on your pity and pay it over to him.

Don't condemn a man too harshly for his first offense, his fingers might have tightened on a loaf of bread while he was thinking of his hungry wife and children.

Better not put too much money in a watch so long as there is a good town clock in your village.

Don't print your virtues in capitals and your vices in nonpareil.

Don't condemn a man because he mispronounces your name, provided he takes no liberty with your character.

Don't form bad habits the first half of your life, or it will take you the whole second half to get rid of them.

Don't expect good habits to thrive among bad ones, any more than you would expect a bed of vegetables to do its own weeding.

Don't think that the money which you lend to the Lord by giving it to the poor draws interest, that would be as bad as asking a hungry man to dine on the recollection of what he had eaten the day before.

Don't envy the rich man his dainty repast, for the richer the food the harder the digestion.

Better not put a dollar in the plate on Sunday if you are only thinking fifty cents.

Better not think that fine clothes make the gentleman any more than buying a violin makes you a musician.

Better not go into business for yourself before you've learned how to help others with theirs.

Better not build a house now, someone may be tired of his before the year is over.

Don't lay a carpet without consulting your wife, for she sweeps it, you don't.

By general consent of Christian nations, the first day of the New Year has been set apart for the exchange of congratulations. On this day we count our friends, revive old friendships, make new ones, and add fresh names to our list of acquaintances. This makes it a very important day, for as men grow old they are prone to draw away from the fellowship of their brothers and sit too much in the lengthening shadows of life's post meridian. There should be a sweetness in old age, just as there is in youth and middle age. The glad New Year comes always opportunely to turn our thoughts to our friends. An interchange of a few sunny words, a calling up of the olden times, and the telling off, like glorious beads of an immortal rosary, of those who have gone home, are sure to do the soul a world of good. In many lands it is the custom to begin a joyous festival on the last night of the old year so that when the New Year comes it may be greeted with glad voices and kindly feelings. Particularly is this the custom in the German fatherland, where the night is sacred to Saint Sylvester and passed in song and feasting till the Cathedral clock tolls out the hour of midnight, whereupon in many cases even the unlettered peasant unconsciously testifies to the antiquity of the custom by crying out in Latin: *Froisi Neu Yahr!* (May the New Year be a happy one for you!) We people of the new world, of more sedate and earnest natures, are more inclined to come together on St. Sylvester Eve and await in serious but not sad contemplation the striking of the midnight hour. It is all a matter of temperament. For us of the new world life is fraught with more and weightier questions than it is beyond the Atlantic. We, the people, must nominate and elect our own rulers, impose and collect our own taxes, make and enforce our own laws, enroll and discipline ourselves as our own soldiers, in a word, govern, refine and educate ourselves by our own efforts. All this is done for the people of the old world by someone else, and hence their minds are left freer and their thoughts, unweighed by the cares of State, lightly turn to mirth and frivolity. But our nation is gradually convincing itself that a wholesome seriousness and a healthy frivolity may be mingled without any bad effects. At the grand meeting of the nations soon to be held on American soil, we shall learn as many things from them as they do from us and not the least valuable lesson which we shall learn from our brothers of France, Germany, Italy and Spain will be not to take life quite so seriously, not to make it one long work day; but to break the year as they do in the old world with wholesome merrymaking, and to season life with more of mirth and jollity, for nations like individuals may be overworked and fail of their high purposes.

Dear reader, have you never had a strange feeling of sadness come over you on New Year's eve, as the old clock on the stair goes ticking its way on to the solemn hour of midnight? Did it not seem to you as if a real flesh and blood friend of yours was lying there breathing his life away and that the low tick, tick was the very rattle in his throat? No doubt, you have, unless you are a trifle and look upon life as the be all and end all. In any event, mayhap, the following lines written by one of Comfort's legion of readers will interest you. He has named his verses

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good-bye, old friend, you're sinking fast,
Your sands are almost run,
Your dark days and your bright are past,
Your earthly task is done.
Your flowing locks are frosted white
And death looks from your eye.
You'll surely pass away to-night,
Good-bye, old friend, good-bye.
You've been so good to me, old friend!
You've lightened every woe,
To dark despair you put an end,
'Tis hard to have you go!
You dried my tears, you cheered my heart,
You comforted my soul;
Oh, dear old friend why must we part,
Why break the silver bowl?
Beloved, why loose the golden chord?
But hark, the morn is here!
The old hath gone to its reward,
All hail the fair young year!
Dear child of time, teach me to know
Thy moment's priceless worth.
And make the day I'm called to go
My happiest day on earth!

But one word remains to be said and that is: Dear reader, take everything that we have written in the kindly spirit which has prompted it. We know that people don't like to be lectured and preached at; but if we have moralized a bit it has been done in the best of humor, and so we close by wishing you a dear, good old-fashioned Happy New Year!



we looked with suspicion and disfavor upon any holidays or festivals whatever. Our calendar was one long list of working days, but in that dark chain every seventh day was a golden link. The birth of our nation however called for a fete day as did the birthday of the Father of our country. To this meagre list was added a day of Thanksgiving. Gradually however our people awoke to the importance, nay the absolute necessity of feast days in the calendar and then the blessed natal day of our Saviour began to take hold upon our hearts and the Happy New Year too came in for its share of observance.

We busy people of the new world were quite content to accept the first day of January as the beginning of the New Year, although in one-half of our broad land it still finds field and farm buried beneath the thick white coverlet of winter's snow. Possibly the first day of April would have been a more fitting day to begin with. April with its warm rain and bursting buds; but the first day of January had been good enough for our forefathers in Merry Old England, in Fair France, and in Honest Old Germany and it was good enough for us. Mother Earth might still be wrapped in deep sleep but our warm hearts were astir, the bright fires lit up our broad hearthstones. Outside it might be a bit drear and cold, but within all was warmth and comfort. The ground was hardened with frost, the streams locked in bands of ice, but the farmer and the trader noted the lengthening out of the days and that brought the promise of the real new year soon to begin for them. It was better to make merry now while there was yet time, for as the Preacher saith: There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to

tween the twin sister fetes, Christmas Day and New Year's Day. One is the heart's day, all full of love and tenderness for our fellow being, the season for gifts and good deeds, the time to forget self and think of our neighbor and of the stranger both within and outside our gates; the other is the soul's day, the time to make a halt and look within ourselves, to turn over the record of the dead year, see how we have passed the time, give an account to ourselves of our actions, pass in review our deeds, count up our lapses from the path of Duty, set black marks at our unworthy acts and red ones at our kind and generous deeds, balance the account of the year just passed to see whether we have aught of good to our credit, finally to turn over a new leaf and begin the New Year with a clean record, with new resolves written in a bold hand at the head of each page!

If we are agreed then, as no doubt we are, that the New Year is a season for reflection, self-examination and preparation for our further journeying, why will it not be wise to pause for a moment and make up a brief list of Don'ts and Better Not's for use during the coming year. Mayhap you have no time even for such an important task, or having the time, you have not the faculty for marking out a course of conduct for yourself how much so ever you may be qualified to turn the clod, drop the seed and glean the harvest. In that case, don't despair, go on with your work, you will receive your reward and when eventide comes and the shop doors are closed, or the cattle foddered, or the noisy shuttles sleeps for the night, and you sit down in the easy chair to wait for the bells to ring out the old year and ring in the new, take up this little list of precepts and con them over. We have named it:



DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I looked over Cousin Ceres' shoulder the other day, as she was getting up her copy for this month's paper, and caught the motto of the little lecture she was giving to the housekeepers. She will forgive me, I know, if I take that for my text too, as it is an idea which will bear dwelling upon. But instead of talking to you myself, I will give you some of the thoughts of greater minds on this line, and also a few other helpful words for the new year, which will be far better than anything which could come from my pen. Remember our text, "One day at a time."

"Oh ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for to-day, its care,
Its evil and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day."

"Sufficient for each day is the good thereof, equally as the evil. We must do at once, and with our might, the merciful deed that our hand findeth to do, else it will never be done, for the hand will find other tasks, and the arrears fall through. And every unsummed good feeling, every unfulfilled purpose that His spirit has prompted, shall one day charge us as faithless and recreant before God."

"Never delay
To do the duty which the hour brings.
Whether it be in great or smaller things,
For who doth know what he shall do the coming day?"

"It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day, that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: it is your own doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to Him, and mind the present."

Now just a bit of material for New Year resolutions perhaps it will help us to see our thoughts and wishes put into words.

"Let us all resolve—First, to attain the grace of silence. Second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of the daily life. Third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise."

"Then learn as much as ever you can about all sorts of things, and so make this world a perpetual source of interest, and surprise, and gratification. That will keep your mind from stagnating. And then get in the way of feeling for other people's troubles, and doing what you can to help them away, and that will keep your heart from stagnating."

"Do what every one who knew it
Could not choose but praise;
Then let no one know you do it.
Better price it pays."

"It is good to purpose wisely; it is better to perform faithfully."

Now we will close our little "sermonette," with a Happy New Year to all. I want to speak next of the Essay Club. I intended to announce another competition in this number, but as the members have hardly had due notice of the yearly assessment of 10c, which must be paid for 1892 before any more is done, I will postpone the announcement until Feb. Remember that fees and names are now to be sent to me. I hope that the members will revive their interest, and join heartily in the next competition.

I believe the President of the Temperance Club has a report, which we will have next in order.

"Since our Temperance Union was organized on May 1, 1891, we have enrolled 23 members. In the first months we enrolled but a very few; but the last months now they have been coming in faster. As I have said before, Oct. 18, 1891, we had 23 members. Now there are only 23 among the many thousands of cousins who are willing to help along the name of temperance? I know there are more; but where are they? why don't they join? Perhaps some have said, 'I have not time now, I will join to-morrow.' Well, to-morrow they forget it, and so on. How I wish I could come and give you all a good talking to on the subject of temperance. Come cousins, let us all take hold and help a little. We have called it 'The Cousins' Temperance Union'—that means more than one cousin—but unless we all take hold it will not justify its name. What has become of those that were so glad that a Temperance Union was to be organized? Have they joined? No. Well then why don't they join? The money that we get is not going to lay in the treasury until it is no good; but it is going to be used for the benefit of the 'Comfort Invalids.' You can express your sympathy in a letter to the 'Shut In,' but 'sympathy' is very poor money when medicine has to be bought. A patient may be flooded with letters and still die for the want of food or medicine. It is a good thing to write a good and cheering letter to an invalid, but it is better to send them something that will cure them. Is there any one so poor that he cannot give 40c. every year to the good of his kind? You may think that if we intend to do something with 40c. we can wait a couple of years before we will have enough to do anything; but think, once 40c. is 40c.; twice 40c. is 80c.; 4 times 40c. is \$1.60, and if we have 100 members it would amount to \$160 instead of 40c. Come, dear cousins, 'Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days.' The officers have to pay their dues and yet besides we have to spend valuable time on this our duty. We need our time also and so I hope that God will so direct your footsteps that you will soon stand under our motto, 'Our Duty is to Save.' With many thanks to Aunt Minerva for her valuable space I will bid you adieu.
WM. T. BELLE,
Box 330, Sheboygan Falls, Wis."

These are sensible words, and I hope the cousins will listen to them. By joining the Comfort Temperance Union, you can accomplish two worthy objects, aid the cause of temperance, and help the poor and suffering.

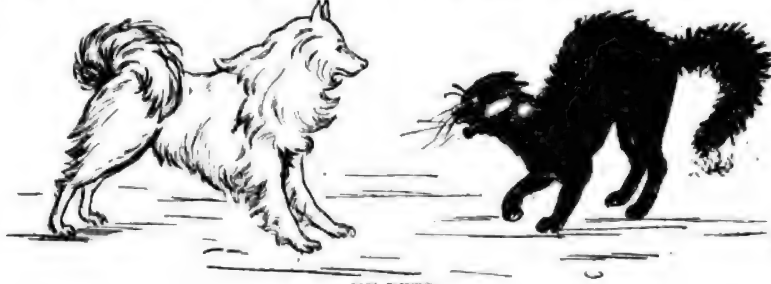
Dear Aunt Minerva and cousins—I am glad to see

so many interested in the cause of temperance. It is a subject that is near and dear to every lover of the good and true. The curse of intemperance is the darkest blot that ever disgraced the glorious folds of our own stars and stripes. Never, until it is removed, can we have the strictest honesty and integrity in all of our public offices. I do not agree with Minnesota Farmer Boy in regard to dancing. An amusement that keeps one up until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, is not calculated to improve one's health or morals. Do not think because I say this that I am old and prosy, for I am young and as "full of fun" as any one. I would like to hear from the cousins as to how one should choose his (or her) life pursuit. I live in a farming community, and naturally my friends point that occupation to me. But I think one should be partially governed by his own desires when he chooses his future walk in life, as I do not think one will succeed in a business for which he has no liking. There are too many now who have mistaken their calling, and it is a step one should consider well before he takes it.

VINCENT A. MARTIN, Sullivan, Mich.

I see so many familiar faces among those who are gathered for the chats this month, and suppose we hear from a number of our old friends now. It is pleasant to meet them again.

Dear Aunt Minerva—I knock once more for admittance to your circle. I gave a description in the April No. of a study in still life, and I am very



MY PETS.

Speaking of pets, I've a dog named Fritz,
And a cat that I call Nanki-poo;

E. L. Sylvester.

The dog is a beauty, a thoroughbred Spitz,
And the cat—well, the cat spits too.

anxious to know if any of the artist cousins tried it. I wish that some one would give me a description for some kind of a study, either still life or landscape. Now for a fruit picture. Procure an old basket, not too large, and lay it upon its side; get a dozen bananas, a half dozen apples; lay some of the bananas in the basket and some near it, also lay apples in same position. It gives the idea of an overturned fruit basket and makes a beautiful effect. The prize essay on novels is what I call excellent, and I quite agree with the author. Who is it that can confine himself to solid reading matter all of the time, and not indulge in a little fiction? I would pronounce him an enemy to literature. Yours truly,
SAM POINTER.

"A whole year since I wrote you before. Our column has improved since then. My home, Six Oaks, is one of the loveliest places in the county, a little white cottage nestled among some evergreens. On one side the yard is made beautiful by roses which lift their glowing hearts to the golden sun. In front a grove of stately oaks, draped in long gray moss; mimosa, drooping cedar, and here and there a hickory nut tree, where, believe me, the squirrels sometimes hold high carnival. Some of you have rightly judged that Six Oaks is in the backwoods. That it is! But we are civilized. Oh, dear! some one is always making use of the expression 'lily love affairs.' Oh, don't, please don't! Give love a chance, won't you? Love is beautiful, love is holy. It's the people that are silly. I've never been 'in love,' but I expect, some day, to love and marry. Provided, of course, that the right man comes along. If not, I'll join the rank of old maids. Just here a word about 'old maids.' All my life I've heard of 'cross and sour old maids.' Do you know, I've never seen one? I know, intimately, 15 ladies who are among the class dubbed old maids, and all of them are lovely, true-hearted, self-sacrificing women. Then so many hold up their hands in holy horror at the idea of 'corresponding with a person you've never seen.' Last fall I began a correspondence with a young lady whose first intimation of my existence was through COMFORT. I received a letter from her this afternoon, 27 pages, and there's not a dull line in it. A brighter, more lovable and entertaining correspondent I never had. It couldn't fail to improve one. Hurrah! Three cheers for Forget-me-not. My sentiments exactly! I wanted to write them, but somehow, I hated to single out one poor unfortunate (for he is unfortunate if he can't love such sweet things as girls; dear, adorable girls!) to 'talk at.' I must have been very fortunate in my circle of acquaintances, for I don't know a single girl who is not worthy the love of a better man than Wisconsin Wild Bill. Old Maid Cousin, shake! I wish I could get, by name, all the cousins I like, but would I ever get through? Will Forget-me-not write to me? Address with Aunt Minerva.
NELLIE."

"I am glad to note the marked improvement in the Chats and am also glad to join again, although I have been silent for months. You will hardly recognize me in my *nom de plume*, but I will say it is suggestive of my occupation. I am pleased to see that Aunt Minerva is selecting so many pieces on the subject nearest my heart, viz.: Christianity. This is something the world needs more of. More charity (love)

toward God and our fellowman to make us happier nobler and better men and women in many ways. When we Christians think of how much God has done for us and is continually doing, we should never tire in his service, in telling to others the beautiful story of a Saviour's matchless, wondrous love for poor sinful fallen humanity. As Cousin Lennie says, religion is only from God; and all morality will not save a single one under high heaven. 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us.' And 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and with His stripes we are healed.' To those who are unconverted, think seriously how much Christ has done; died for us, for you each personally; read it! 'He was wounded for our transgressions' and you have it. I think Wisconsin Wild Bill has rather contracted views of the good sense and self-esteem of the girls, as to think that they are not worthy to be written to by a respectable young man; but Cousin Billie, you are writing to cause argument aren't you? (and not really your sentiments.) I think the thoughts expressed in regard to education and improvement are inspiring, and I carried out will make a grand lot of men and women who are now COMFORT cousins. As for myself, my advantages for an education have been very meagre, and I have worked up to a pretty nice position, but I still desire a better education to understand the why and wherefore, and the workings of Nature; and above all, to know more of the 'Book of Books.' I desire to do all the good I can, to help those that need help, and, in fact, be happy by making others happy. My advice to the girls one and all is to wait until you are old enough to know something of the responsibilities of life, and are able to take them upon yourselves; then if you see fit, look for a husband, but let me warn you, beware of the boy or man who takes his occasional glass; for sooner or later (nine chances out of ten), he will become a drunkard. Then your lot will indeed be a hard one. And it would be a good thing if all the young ladies would refuse to even associate with a young man who they have reason to believe drinks intoxicating liquor. Adios.

TEL. E. GRAPHER."

I recognize Tel. E. Grapner behind his *nom de plume*, and find him on the right side, as usual. Oh for more young men who will take such a manly stand as he has done! and we have some among us; here is another, an old acquaintance.

"Come again," you say, and at your bidding, Auntie, I will come again and will do my level best to clear up the misunderstanding that some of the cousins have fallen into regarding my letter in the March No. of COMFORT, and also to so clearly define my religious belief that I may never more be misunderstood by the cousins. For I assure you all that I am not ashamed to show the colors under which I march, nor to proclaim the name of my glorious Captain. 1st.—How do I stand on the great question of personal religion? I stand exactly and squarely on that ground. I don't believe in any other kind of religion, except a personal and practical one. I am a member of the M. E. church, and my belief is thoroughly orthodox. I believe there is either a heaven, or a hell awaiting each of us, when we shall 'shuffle

considered one of the most reliable, as it is one of the ablest newspapers of the Union. I have never lived near the Indians, and in all human probability will never do so, but I hold to my opinion that the red man is in some degree justifiable for his actions. You speak of the squaws indulging the 'rare sport of battle.' It seems perhaps unwomanly to think of a woman, who in whatever country she may be, should ever be an angel of peace and gentleness, engaging in scenes of strife and carnage. Yet, my sisters, if you were far upon the plains, your country wrested from you, subjected to the rules, however gallant, of the people who despoiled you, the whole manner of the life which your instinct taught you to love, changed, and your little children starving for the bread which you have not to give them, I think your tender hands would seek weapons. The cousin who speaks of my essay refers sarcastically to the term 'noble' as applied to the red man. He, though cruel and revengeful, possesses noble traits. He is hospitable, which alone is a crowning virtue; he never forgets a friend or a favor. The night is never too dark nor the way too rough for him to warn a friend of approaching danger. In the character of the Indian is blended the many shades of good and evil, forming a checkered fabric. He has walked gloomily down the halls of time, lashed by the whip of oppression, deprived of every possession he sits to-day by the heaving waters of ruin and looks back over a past through which stalk the phantoms of humiliation, despair, and defeat. His family, his friends, all whom he loved, come to him only in dreams, he hears their voices only in the sighing winds and murmuring waters, he will not clasp their hands until he passes the portals of death and enters the 'Happy Hunting Grounds.' Our fathers brought him to the brink of these terrible waters, let us not push him in. Now in conclusion I want to say a few words in regard to the Essay Club. I joined it as soon as I learned of its existence and have tried to be a faithful member. It seems to me that we are not taking sufficient interest in our club. We have no rules, no badge, no anything. I have not noticed the report of the committee appointed to find a use for the money we have on hand. I think we should have a committee on subjects, one to select a badge, one to draft rules and various other duties. Mind, I am only suggesting, not attempting to dictate. I hope the members will not get tired and fail to write their essays and perform any other duties allotted. We can make the club a success and we must do so. I trust we may soon have an organized schedule of work for the winter. Wisconsin Wild Bill, I wish you had three women to look after you. I am sure you need it. Pardon me if I say you seem to be too much of a gentleman to take a pride in being a 'woman hater.' But never mind, some good women will get hold of you yet, and when she does, you will be completely revolutionized. SOUTHERN GIRL."

Where have your eyes been, my dear, that you did not see the report of that committee several months ago in COMFORT? I so far agree with your suggestions concerning committees, that I will appoint two now, viz.: a committee to select a subject for six months study by the Club, made up as follows: Chairman, Southern Girl—Julian C. Colby, Union Grove, Wis.; Lucy Corbin, Columbus, Ohio; S. Lanier Medlock, Poverty Hill, S. C. Committee on selecting a badge: Chairman, Grace L. Enright, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Myrtle E. Raymond, Waukon, Iowa; Sallie Stark, Cherry Creek, Miss.; Fred White, Brownstown, Wis. We shall hope to have reports from these committees very soon.

Here I find letters from some of my circle of King's Daughters, and will give them a place.

Dear Auntie and Cousins—I am come again from my far western home to have a little chat with you if mutually agreeable. Oh! how my heart aches when I receive letters from my "Shut In" friends, and I want to help them all I can, for I know not how soon trouble or sorrow will come to me. All must suffer more or less if we wish to gain an exalted position in the higher and better world where there is no sickness or sorrow. I think it should ever be remembered by those to whom the world seems wrong and hard, that

"Those who bear the cross below
Will wear the crown above."
I wear my little silver cross "The King's Daughters' Badge" and think I have a noble calling, in helping those who cannot help themselves. I will ask the cousins, How do you agree with me on the subject of horseback-riding? I think it a very healthful exercise. Yesterday I went for my ride, and called on a "Shut In" friend who could not read or write, so I wrote several letters for her. I don't think one could take much comfort if they could not read. I read a great deal but most of all I enjoy reading Auntie's columns. Lovingly yours,
ROBERTA, Harmony, Utah.

My dear cousins!—Here I come again. It is a very important thing I wish to speak about. I am unable to answer many personal letters, but must write to you all through COMFORT. I wish to appeal not to your generosity, but to your better, your angel side. Some of COMFORT cousins have annoyed me very much by anonymous letters, doubting my honesty and that of Mrs. E. Jones, Alexander City, Tallapoosa Co., Ala. My whole life has been a striving toward being a good, true, noble woman and Christian. I have never before been accused of any dishonesty or have I ever been doubted. If any of you doubted why did not the accusing parties come forward like a true good soul? I cannot help feeling hurt, for as honest person would have signed their name, so I might have cleared all accusations against me. I am a straightforward person, and hate anything tending toward such secrecy. Many of you thought poor Mrs. E. Jones a fraud. God only knows that she is not, and knows the pains she suffers. Ten years is a long time for any invalid, and those of us who are young should not gibe at such trials. I am young myself, but God knows, I never let that stay the promptings of my heart, or rather my angel side. I know Mrs. Jones to be a good, true Christian and a very poor "Shut In." She has credentials to prove her honesty and her condition. She is too poor to answer the letters of those who failed to send her paper, addressed envelope, etc. I, although possessing very little of Uncle Sam's money, do all I can for her, but find myself unable to relieve even the weakest of her wants. I will not beg for her. I will not ask you to send anything to me, unless you so desire, but send it direct to her, for one person wrote to me and asked me what I bought with the money sent me for Mrs. E. Jones? Can you imagine anyone so unkind? Now I do not wish to offend anyone, but even the worm will turn if trod on. I love to do my work I. H. N. I am one of Aunt Minerva's King's Daughters and try to do my share faithfully and well for her sake. I am sorry this letter does not vouchsafe for my pet name, Merry Sunshine, but forgive me if I have hurt any of you. I really felt it my duty to clear myself and my friend's honesty. I always remember,

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

I am glad to say, I have been able with kind assistance of Miss Ross of "Shut In" society to get a wheelchair for my poor friend. By means of this letter, dear cousins, let me bring sunshine in my poor friend's heart. Of course it hurts her to have me doubt so. "Let the strong help the weak." With love to you all, I remain your loving cousin,
MERRY SUNSHINE.

I am sorry to know that there are such mean and cowardly persons among the readers of COMFORT as



WHAT'S THIS?

MUST BE RUMPIN.

I'LL SEE.

WON'T COME OPEN.

HI!

I I I

those of whom Sunshine speaks. Any one who will write an anonymous letter is not worthy of a moment's attention from any well-meaning person. Room now for more new-comers! We who are acquainted must not be selfish.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I beg leave for an introduction to join the society of the Owls whose discussions I have just been listening to in the Oct. No. of COMFORT. (a sample copy which pleases me so much, I am just subscribing.) This is a very entertaining column, and in this way, our newspapers are for the masses, educators. All the young people are discussing novel-reading. My experience (well, I am not exactly a bachelor, but possibly old enough to contribute experience) is that standard novels well-chosen can do no harm used in moderation; the ideas of English society we get from novels of a certain class; historical novels present facts of history in a pleasant color, and thus they are remembered, etc. Thus it is clear to the impartial critic that novel reading properly restricted can be very beneficial. I really think this column of this journal very valuable to the young people; its social features and general discussions. Now those of us who have the good fortune to enjoy this privilege should be ambitious to derive all the benefits possible. Wisconsin Wild Bill seems to be enjoying a pleasant notoriety from some cause; some structure on love or something. I did not have the pleasure of reading his letter, but I doubt not he will wind up as "Benedick the married man." They generally do. Speaking of love (not to be at all sentimental or silly) brings up the question of woman's influence. Why gentlemen, woman rules the world; "the hand that rocks the cradle." But then, no one of our young friends of this column is ready to intimate anything to the contrary. It is a historical and plain fact that every man owes his greatness or what he is to a woman; therefore let us be more ready to be at all times her champion, not for any soft, sentimental reason, but for the great fact that she is the safeguard of society, a moulder of destinies. I would like to hear from some of the cousins who feel disposed to write to a young Virginia farmer and ex-school-teacher. Will try to answer promptly all good sensible letters.

VIRGINIA PEDAGOGUE.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—May I enter the delectable portals of COMFORT and have a chat with the cousins? I am not a "Kow boy," a renegade, a hunter, trapper, or highflyer. When I came to this man's country I was a poor idiot boy, I didn't know enough to pour buttermilk out of a boot, subscribe for COMFORT or take my pump in when it rained, but now I can write an essay on primal man, beat a hasty retreat upon a snare drum, or strike an attitude when it's down. I am sojourning at present in the experience of a great A. I can desert when (just previous to my advent) the classic yet rather dark complexioned Buffalo masticated the succulent grass of the same name; although I think it must have been much larger than that now, as in cutting it the Buffalo left chips, which Patriarch, Plainsmen, History and Tradition, aver, burned equal to coal. Men are not made of mud and stuck up here to dry, but I shall have to acknowledge that not a few of us have a large artery or two through our body, coursed by Plebian blood. We wish to ask the cousins not to send us pennies, scraps for insane patchwork, ribbons, old clothes or anything else they have to spare, although our broadcloth and silks are not made by the finest worms, we are often mistaken for Russell Sage, or my friend James Gordon Bennett. Hoping a little nonsense may be relished by you and your owls and promising a description of this portion of the Sunflower State to any applicant; also wish to exchange autographs (on visiting cards) with penmen, authors and teachers, all favors returned. Can any one send me the song, the chorus of which runs:

Oh, move your families West,
Bring all your girls and boys,
And you'll rise to wealth and honor
In the State of Illinois.

O. F. SNYDER, Kilderville, Kansas.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I come as a pilgrim and a stranger, and would fain be thy nephew. It is hard to estimate the amount of good one kind word may do; some may refuse to be benefited by it, yet that very refusal is the means of benefiting some one else. Last January there was a sample copy of COMFORT sent to a young man in Cherokee, Iowa, and some time in April he took it from the postoffice, and after glancing over it for a moment, he gave it to me with the remark that he was tired receiving sample copies. Excuse me, dear Aunt and cousins, if I am selfish in saying I am glad he was tired, but not so much so but what he could hand that copy of COMFORT to me. I sent in my subscription immediately, and to-day I am so happy to think I am one of the COMFORT cousins. How anxious I am each month until the chats with Aunt Minerva and her owls are before my eyes. I live in the great and growing West, where soon the golden grain will be gathered in, where the farmer's bins are filled to overflowing with the numerous products that our rich, productive soil will produce, and where all nature seems profuse with decorations at this season of the year. Cherokee is the largest city in the county (of the same name). It has some 4,000 inhabitants. The new court-house that is under way will cost \$40,000. There are two very fine schools, and many beautiful churches and hotels. It is situated on the banks of the "Merry Little Sioux," as it is called in this part of the State, and a few miles south of the old, as well as historical, Fort Cherokee, that was built to protect the daring frontiersmen from the savage Indian of those days. The city and fort are named after a well known tribe of Indians. Your nephew is now engaged in learning telegraph operating and station work in the thriving little town of Quimby, situated ten miles south of Cherokee, and I am sure all the cousins will agree when I take considerable nerve to sit at an instrument when the lightning snaps under your fingers as it does here quite often. I wear two badges and am proud of both. One is the Epworth League and the other is the Good Templars and oh! how happy I am to think that all over this broad and fair land of ours I have brothers and sisters in F. H. and O. I know my little badge would welcome me to their homes wherever they are. My pathway has not always been strewn with flowers, but instead I've been tossed like a boat upon a stormy ocean, yet that Divine Hand has ever been at the helm and guided me away from the shoals. I thank God because I can look out upon a smooth and calm sea of life at present. Brothers and sisters in F. H. and O., I would be happy to hear from you all; and I will endeavor to treat you with the greatest kindness and consideration. Cousins, I am not selfish, hence the same invitation is extended to you, one and all. I hear someone object to corresponding. Well, I can see no harm in a truthful and sincere correspondence with all or any of the cousins; one that is entered into with a view of creating friendship, and helping each other in every possible manner. Is it harmful that we should bring a good influence to bear upon our cousins with a view of making them our friends? "Life," says Sydney Smith, "is to be fortified by many friendships." Says Dr. Johnson: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair!" I can safely say that he who tries to ennoble friendship is best worthy of the name of friend, and he who belittles it has fewer claims to man's humanity. Sincerely,
WILL TAGGERT, Quimby, Cherokee Co., Iowa.

How widely our little COMFORT circulates, and how many new friends it makes, we do not any of us realize. Let each of the cousins do all in his or her power to bring its good cheer into as many homes as possible. It would be a pleasant New Year greeting to your friend to send him a year's subscription; how could you both get more comfort for 25 cents? We rejoice in its prosperity at the beginning of this new year. Here comes still another friend and cousin with kind words in its praise.

"I venture to write and tell you how much I enjoy your paper, its letters from the cousins, and best of all 'The Sabbath Hour.' Why Auntie! you don't know what a help that column of beautiful quotations is. I have read COMFORT for two years, and of the numerous papers which I have, I enjoy it the most. It has improved wonderfully since I first became acquainted with it. What puzzles me is how you can afford to send such a wonderful paper for such a small price. I am a school-teacher of 20, and I live in a suburb of Syracuse, the great salt city of N. Y. State. The village wherein I reside is one of most beautiful of central N. Y. All the streets are beautifully shaded and paved with cement. Within a mile of the village are two waterfalls and picnic grounds rivaling Ontario Beach (?) The celebrated St. John's Military School is situated in my native place. I have heard of but few of the cousins who are Christian Endeavorers, are there not more? In my position as a teacher, I have been wont to grum-

ble if I did not receive my payment as soon as it was due, or if my boarding-place was at a greater distance than I wished to walk; but after reading Jennie O. Evans' letter from Marsland, Neb., and she says she walked two miles to school and had to wait a year for her pay, I am contented. I should like to hear from any of the cousins interested in school-teaching and who would like to hear about N. Y. State. If there are any I will do my prettiest to interest them. Already I hear Auntie say as my old geometry teacher said, "Such nonsense, no brains!" when we made a foolish mistake. With love to all the cousins and a great deal to Aunt Minerva, I remain a true friend of COMFORT and wish it God speed.

A DREAMER."

The "Yankees" have hitherto been rather silent, but I am glad to see one come forward with a description of a part of our beautiful Eastern country.

"Having never seen a letter from the 'Heart of the Commonwealth,' (Worcester, Mass.) I thought I would be the first one to write. Few cities of the U. S. are any more beautifully situated than is Worcester. Placed as it is, nestled among the hills of central Mass., it has been endowed and surrounded by nature to the extent that it excites the praise and admiration of every visitor for its natural beauty. At its eastern boundary lies Lake Quinsigamond, one of the most lovely sheets of water to be found anywhere in the world, nearly 6 miles long, of a varying width, with clear water of a depth in some places of over 90 feet, and with wooded shores; it is a place that has caused poets to sing its praises in verse, and others to describe it in the most glowing words of prose. It furnishes for thousands of people a natural park, where day after day may be passed in the discovery of new beauties and never ending enjoyment. The surface is dotted with many islands of varying size, and the numerous small steamers, sail boats and pleasure boats that glide over it during the summer months, give to it a spirit of life that must be seen to be appreciated. Success and long life to COMFORT.

EASTERN BOY."

We must close our Chats now, or the Editor will be saying that we talk too much. I want to speak once more of sending subscriptions and orders to me. Owing to a new arrangement which has been lately made concerning my mail, all subscriptions or orders sent to me are liable to be delayed a month or more, so it will be for your interest to send them directly to the office of COMFORT, where they can be at once attended to. Private letters are also liable to the same delay of a month in answering. Please remember to enclose stamp when sending letters to be forwarded.

The Editor also wants me to invite you all to send a photo with your letters this month, so we can have a pictorial page. Make your letters brief but interesting and all come with us for the illustrated issue, so we may see your faces in COMFORT as well as hear you speak through our columns. Write your full name and address on back of pictures and they will be returned in due season. Address:

AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT, Augusta, Me.)



A Child's Love for a Doll.

Did you ever notice the tender, motherly affection that a young girl displays for her first doll? And did it ever strike you as a curious evidence of instinct that a girl just out of the cradle will take naturally to a doll where a boy of the same age won't even look at one? It seems in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that a girl is born with the latent instincts of motherhood, and takes to a doll as naturally as a woman takes to her baby.

It does not make the slightest difference to the child whether her doll cost fifty dollars or fifteen cents. She has the same reverence for it, the same solicitude for its proper treatment, the same attention to pay to it. Whether it be clothed in rags or in purple and fine linen, whether it be made of wax, wood, china, leather or composition, the doll has the same love bestowed upon it.

And it is also noticeable that no amount of mistreatment or ill luck that doll may experience can estrange the child's affection. If accident, or the ravages of time, deprive it of an arm, or leg, or both; if continual handling detaches the scalp and leaves the doll bald, trifles of that kind are not considered valid reasons for abandonment, but rather demand a larger share of sympathy and love from the doll's owner. Nay, we have even known an absolutely limbless trunk, headless at that, treasured in its folds of rags as a miser treasures his hoard, and regarded with the same pride that it evoked when in all the symmetry and beauty and youth of perfect dollhood!

Hardly a waking hour is spent without Dolly in the little one's arms, and wherever she drops asleep during the day the mimic baby can be found in her embrace. Then, when the sandman shakes his bag, as dusk is drooping, when the "Now I lay me" is lisped out, and the child is placed in her neat warm cot, one other occupant has to share her couch and slumbers—that dear, delightful, disreputable looking doll! But hold, modern invention is always making startling improvements and the latest thing just brought out is for the young people who live away from the large cities. We have just secured sale of a new kind of dolls that are absolutely indestructible, and we show you in this cut here how they look; they are 18 inches tall and made of elegant colored goods. In getting this doll up we have overcome the great trouble of weight which has made such a cost in the past when shipping by mail or express. These dolls are so constructed that you fill them with cotton, hair or sawdust, sewing them up after receiving; it takes but a few minutes to do this and you save at least one dollar and act a pretty substantial doll for almost nothing. They will last for years and be a joy forever to any miss who does not want one of those disreputable looking dolls spoken of above but desires a handsome doll as nice as her own sweet self. To introduce our goods Morse & Co. will send one doll for 13c. or 2 for 25c., or give one free with a 6 months 25c. subscription, or for a club of 2 yearly 25c. subscribers will deliver one free.



Little Brown Jugs Given Away.

There has been a great demand for these Little Brown Jugs of late and the publishers of COMFORT have had a million made to give away to their subscribers; they have generally sold for 10c. each at the stores and are very popular to wear on watch chains or around the neck for charms. Men, women and children wear them, and to make COMFORT more popular Morse & Co. will give one free to any one sending 2c. for postage, or when sending 35c. for subscription or renewal of same say you want a jug and we will pay postage ourselves. We want everybody to have one and have them for sale by the hundred if any society desire them in quantity for badges.

CROCHET everything with Kensington Crochet Twist—any color—large ball 10c. C. G. HUBBARD, 85 Walker St., New York.

HARNESS FREE. A handsome illustrated catalogue of harness, at inside wholesale prices, sent free by addressing Flour City Harness Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will hang up in the F. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert., and send it in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you about one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$50 or \$100 per month, let us know. We pay in advance. **GIANT OXIE CO.,** Willow St., Augusta, Me.

Watches Sent on Trial to any address, All Express charges prepaid by us. Send your name and address at once on postal card and we will send you illustrated catalogue by return mail to select from. **HOLLY WATCH CO.,** Jersey City, New Jersey.

BIG MONEY

\$25 to \$75 per week actually and easily made by salesmen selling our Patent Non-Evaporating, Non-Freezing Chemical Fire Pails. Big Demand for these goods. No experience necessary. Sold only through Agents, to whom exclusive territory is given. We can prove above statement if you will address **THE WORCESTER FIRE APPLIANCE CO.,** (Incorporated), WORCESTER, MASS. We have other Money Making Specialties.



Gold Filled Hand Ring, by mail, 25c. Any initial scarf pin, 5 cents. Friendship Ring, by mail, 20c. We warrant the above 18 karat Gold filled and regular \$1.00 rings. To convince agents and others that we are the cheapest house in the trade we will send these goods at the reduced prices to any part of the U. S. or Canada. Send for Catalogue, **H. KNOBLOCH & CO.,** 1193 Broadway, N. Y.

IMPORTED CONCERT FLUTE. A beautiful, rich toned instrument, producing soft, delightful music. You can learn to play at once, even though entirely ignorant of music. The notes are marked and the music we send with it is numbered in like manner, instead of being printed in notes. You can learn one of the easy pieces in a few minutes. A strong, durable instrument; will last a lifetime. Elegantly finished. Cannot get out of order. We send with it a lot of music numbers as explained above. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Send at once, and in the Concert Flute you will have "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." Postpaid, 25 cents. Address, **BATES & CO.,** 74 Pearl St., BOSTON, MASS.

SPRAY PUMP FREE. SALARY PAID AGENTS.

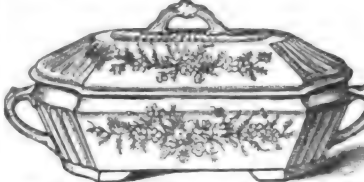
Whitewash henhouse; Controls bees; Cattle syringe; Used in cotton gins, Saw mills, Cooper shops. Throws water 60 feet. Sample free if you become Agent. You must spend 10c. help pay this ad. We send complete pump and 3 attachments. If you don't want agency send \$2.00. **A. SPEIRS, B 30, North Windham, Maine.**

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

20 COMIC VALENTINES FOR 10c.

SAMPLE PACKAGE OF SENTIMENTAL VALENTINES, CARD, SCRAP PICTURES, etc. mailed for 10 cents. HANDSOME VALENTINES in boxes, 25 and 50 cents each. Address **MADISON ART CO.,** Madison, Conn.

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Dinner Set, No. 45, 112 Pieces.

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We have been doing business in Boston for 17 years, and the publishers of this paper will testify to our undoubted reliability. We do a business of over \$300,000 yearly, and our Cash sales of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Lamps, etc., amounted to \$65,000 in 1891 aside from our Tea and Coffee sales. Our illustrated Price and Premium List tells the whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. 136 pages.

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IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE **DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.** It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It NEVER FAILS. 48 page book of particulars free. Address **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,** 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

\$500 IN CASH PRIZE

IF YOU SOLVE THIS REBUS

The above rebus is the name of a South Western Star which is it? To the first person who sends a correct answer on or before February 28th, 1892, we will give \$100.00. To the second \$50.00, to the third \$25.00. To each of the next twenty-five, a \$10.00 Gold Filled Ring. To each of the last twenty-five sending the correct answer we will send an Agent's outfit that retails for \$6.00. The great offer is made to introduce the best pain cure in the world, with your answer send 30 cts. in stamps to pay for package of Dr. Haines' Pain Expeller. A Golden cure for Rheumatism, Headache and Neuralgia. A Golden equals it on the market. Write to-day, and be among the first, and secure one of the big prizes. Address: **W. B. WILLIAMS, Montclair, New Jersey.**

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

FREE 14 K. SOLID GOLD FILLED

Ladies or Gents. Warranted 21 Years. For Perfect Time this Famous High Waltham Watch is ahead of the world. BEATS THE RECORD. The above watch is the fastest timepiece on the fast limited train between New York and Chicago, which runs on the closest time in the world, says, "In one year this watch varied only 1 second," the slowest time on record. This watch has never been sold for less than \$30.00. We will now sell it for \$13.95. It is full of jewels, stem wind, stem set, stem stop, stem start, stem reset, stem double tempered hair spring, which makes the jewels are solid diamond, ruby stones, which will never wear out of place. Don't compare elegant timepieces with the cheap plated watches advertised at various prices. Bear in mind, if you are buying a watch your jeweler would charge you from \$40 to \$60. Stem wind, stem set, stem stop, stem start, stem reset, stem double tempered hair spring, which makes the jewels are solid diamond, ruby stones, which will never wear out of place. Don't compare elegant timepieces with the cheap plated watches advertised at various prices. Bear in mind, if you are buying a watch your jeweler would charge you from \$40 to \$60. Stem wind, stem set, stem stop, stem start, stem reset, stem double tempered hair spring, which makes the jewels are solid diamond, ruby stones, which will never wear out of place. Don't compare elegant timepieces with the cheap plated watches advertised at various prices. Bear in mind, if you are buying a watch your jeweler would charge you from \$40 to \$60. Stem wind, stem set, stem stop, stem start, stem reset, stem double tempered hair spring, which makes the jewels are solid diamond, ruby stones, which will never wear out of place. Don't compare elegant timepieces with the cheap plated watches advertised at various prices. 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BY JOHN E. GREY.

WHAT

**A LARGE
PUBLISHING HOUSE GOING
OUT OF THE BUSINESS**

threw a great quantity of Music Books on the market ; we were lucky enough *way down here in Maine* to secure the lot at almost nothing, and for this week will send **one collection** only to a person on receipt of **six cents**. When you consider that you are to receive *over twelve dozen songs with music for a mere song*, you will probably make haste to answer, as they wont last long, and you will probably find some piece in the lot that you have hunted high and low for, and would not sell for \$1.00, and, yes, "*Comrades*" is in it, also 144 other popular songs.

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on COMFORT.

Charlie D., Versailles, Ky., asks, Is the body guard of the king of Siam composed of women?

In closing the chat for this month, I will again thank you for the interest you have taken in this department, and ask you to have your eyes and ears open for a new contest in the February number, which I am positive will interest one and all. And in this one eligibility is not to be confined to any age, the only proviso being that all contestants must be subscribers, and now all who read this and have not already sent in their names and 25c. for a year's subscription to COMFORT, write the letter to-day, do not be too late, for it will be good one, and then think of the reading matter and descriptions of the great Columbian exposition which will appear during the year 1892. Good-bye for this time. Your
UNCLE JOSEPHUS, (Care of COMFORT.)

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My Strange Patient; or, How a Murder was Revealed.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

In the summer of 1880 I graduated with the customary honors from the Harvard Medical School and in the fall of the same year, through the influence of a friend, I secured a position on the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston. Like all callow disciples of Esculapius, I was an enthusiast in my chosen profession and took great interest in it. The position I had been appointed to was a most desirable one for a young man, being assistant to the professor of nervous diseases; a part for which I was especially fitted having made these disorders the subject of especial study. Thus I was naturally elated at my bright prospects and looked forward to a brilliant career which would surround my humble name with a halo of glory and enroll it among the grand names of a noble calling. Life in a great hospital has many attractions for the thinker and the observer. There are so many strange sights to be seen day after day and strange stories told that one could never tire of the varied scenes, especially a student of medicine. After a while of course the constant succession of similar occurrences palls a little on the young physician, and the business then becomes to him like any other—a mere daily occupation by which he earns his bread. But it was a long time before I got tired of the business in any way and for a long time the succession of cases at the hospital had great charms for me and there were few cases—unusual ones, of course, I mean—entering the doors of the institution that I did not examine, if possible. In fact my zeal and enthusiasm made me the butt of good-natured ridicule among my associates in the institution. But of all the strange things I saw while engaged at the hospital—and these were many—the strangest was what I am about to relate.

One day I was seated as usual in my office engaged in my customary duties. My chief was absent, he having a habit of taking a day off occasionally, leaving me to take care of the patients who required our treatment. There were not many that day however, and I was in no danger of being overworked. I had just finished with one patient and turned to the next whom I was surprised to observe was the only one waiting. I regarded this patient with extraordinary interest for he was a most peculiar-looking man. He was roughly dressed and evidently of limited resources. His countenance and in fact his whole air was that of a man who had led a troubled life and had seen much of life's seamy side. The stamp of dissipation was plainly impressed on his features, which were coarse and repellent. But the most striking thing about the man was his eyes. Such eyes I never saw before and trust I never shall see again. They were more like the eyes of a madman than anything else. There was a strange stare in them, and they gazed straight at you with a look that seemed to pierce you like a needle. From the brief glance I took at my strange patient I made up my mind that he was not in his right mind and when I opened conversation with him this impression was deepened. After entering his name and the history of his case on the ledger as was the rule at the hospital, I questioned him regarding his complaint.

"It's all in my eyes," he said, "my bodily health is all right; it's only my eyes that are affected."

This was enough for me and I immediately commenced an examination of his eyes. I was not much of an oculist but it needed but a brief inspection to convince me that there was nothing the matter at all with my patient's eyes. I told him so. My words seemed to anger him.

"It's right here in my eyes," he said, glaring at me in a rage, his troublesome orbs flashing, "right here in my eyes; that terrible picture that I always see before me. It's right here impressed on my eye-balls. I want you to remove it in some manner."

I stared at the man sharply. Was he indeed insane or only drunk? He certainly appeared sober enough and of the two he looked more crazy than intoxicated.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What sight do you see all the time before you impressed on your eyes?"

"Why, the sight of the woman I murdered ten years ago in New York," was his strange answer.

I was now convinced that my peculiar patient was not in his right mind. But I thought I would humor him.

"Are you a murderer?" I asked him.

"Yes, Doctor, I am and I don't care who hears it. I am tired of this life. I am crazed by her ghost haunting me night and day. Oh! Doctor, get that dreadful sight out of my eyes even if you have to cut my eyes out."

"Why, who did you murder?"

"I murdered my wife in a fit of rage and jealousy ten years ago in New York. Curse her I finished her but she is getting her revenge now. Curse her! she is haunting me to death."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am; you may think I am drunk or crazy but I am neither. Listen, and I will make a confession to you, Doctor. Twelve years ago I was a well-to-do merchant, doing a prosperous business in the city of New York. In an evil hour I made the acquaintance of a girl named Marie Sousette. She was a French girl, a milliner by trade, and very handsome. I became deeply smitten by her beauty and proposing marriage to her was accepted. Ah! the beautiful Jezebel would to God I had never seen her. We were married and for a year or two all went well. But soon I found that my wife was a most errant flirt. She delighted to coquette with men and embraced every opportunity to do so, nor did my

remonstrances cause her to alter her conduct. But I did not think much of this, deeming it mere youthful exuberance which would disappear as my wife grew older and more sensible. But instead of leaving, my wife's weakness increased and she grew fonder than ever of male company. In vain did I remonstrate with her regarding her conduct. She flew into a rage, calling me such names as 'tyrant' and 'jealous monster' and said that she would never be tyrannized over by me. Ah! she was a temptress, but I bore with her as patiently as I could, for with all her faults I loved her, my beautiful, weak Marie. I killed her, it is true, but oh! it was by accident—by accident, as God is my judge. Well, things went from bad to worse and Marie's weakness grew more noticeable, added to which she manifested an intolerable temper. At times when her temper was aroused she was more like a fiend than a woman. But I was patient with her until that day came, that dark fatal day! It was about a year after our marriage. I came home one afternoon and saw my wife holding a very animated conversation with a male neighbor. They were laughing and joking like two lovers. I did not relish this as you may imagine and I gave Marie a severe lecture. She flew into a terrible rage, calling me a 'Bluebeard' and similar cognomens, and said that no man would be a tyrant over her. She was doing no harm, she said, and I was a jealous and unreasonable monster to be finding fault with her as I did. Well, words borrowed words. I retorted angrily and so did she, until at length we had worked ourselves into a raging quarrel. I never knew what a she-devil I had married until that hour. So angry did she become that she rushed upon me and attacked me with the fury of a demon, trying to tear my eyes out. In self-defense I grappled with her and threw her to the ground, where she lay as if stunned. She lay so quiet that I examined her and found to my horror that she was dead—killed instantly. She had struck a projecting nail in the floor in falling, and it had penetrated the back of her head, causing instant death. Oh! that sight—that sight of Marie stretched out dead on the floor, her beautiful head drabbled in blood, has haunted me from that day to this. It has fastened itself into my eyes and I see it continually. I fled at once after the murder to England and from there to France and back again to America. But wherever I went the terrible scene accompanied me. It is the torment of my life and is driving me crazy. I have been skulking about the country ever since, hiding here and there, but I can get no peace, no relief, from that terrible thing in my eyes. I can stand it no longer and I have come here to have it cut out, even if you have to cut my eyes out to do it."

Such was the strange story he related, telling it in an earnest, straightforward manner that could not but impress whoever heard it. In vain did I reason with him and point out to him that nothing was wrong with his eyes and that he was only suffering from a delusion. He persisted that he was right, and to settle the matter to our mutual satisfaction I went out of the room to another part of the hospital where the oculist of the institution had his office and brought him to examine the man's eyes. Dr. Chandler examined them thoroughly, and put them to a number of tests, and as a result, decided that they were the soundest and best pair of eyes he had ever seen. I informed him of the confession the man had made and he was much interested in it. He tapped his forehead significantly, intimating that it was our patient's brain and not his eyes that was affected. This was my opinion, too, as the reader knows, and we came to the conclusion that the man was insane and ought not to be at large. Accordingly, unknown to him, I despatched a messenger to the nearest police-station for two policemen, who soon arrived and took charge of the man. I told them that he was insane and acquainted them of the confession of murder he had made, which caused them to open their eyes with astonishment. Contrary to my expectations the man offered no resistance to the police and was taken away quietly. He probably imagined that they had come to arrest him for the murder he had confessed, and tired of skulking continually, for fear of capture, he was quite willing to suffer arrest and be done with his troubles.

Time passed and pressing duties made me forget my strange patient, but some months after, happening to think of it and feeling curious to know what disposal had been made of the case, I wrote to the authorities asking about it. In answer I received a letter stating that communication had been made with the superintendent of the New York police, informing him of the man's story and inquiring into the truth of it. The superintendent wrote back that at the time mentioned—ten years back—a murder had been committed in New York and under the very circumstances as related by the self-confessed murderer. He added that the victim's name before marriage had been Marie Sousette and the murderer's Victor Renzell, the very names my strange patient had given me. The superintendent requested the Boston authorities to hold the man, who was in all probability the escaped murderer, until he could be brought back to New York on a requisition. He was accordingly delivered to the New York police and taken to that city, but before he could be placed on trial for his crime, his insanity increased, and he became a raving maniac, necessitating his confinement in an asylum for the insane, where he lingered for several years and then died. From the asylum authorities I learned that he was one of their most violent patients and had to be watched continually for fear that he would work danger to himself or others. He raved continually of the murder, acting it in imagination over and over again, saying that the terrible scene was impressed on his eyes and forever before his sight. Such is the story of "My Strange Patient."

J. L. McCARTHY.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"Dora," said Mrs. Harper to her errand girl, "have you seen a red pocket-book on the counter? This lady has lost hers and she says you have taken it."

Mrs. Harper kept a millinery store in Brookville, a bustling little town in New England, and had quite a large patronage.

Her errand girl, Dora May, was fifteen years old, a neatly-dressed, pleasant-faced girl, who had been employed in the millinery store for over a year. She lived with her parents, honest, hard-working people, in a cottage on the outskirts of Brookville, and the slender stipend which she earned every week was a great assistance to them.

Dora May seemed astounded by her employer's words. She turned red and then pale, and stared at Mrs. Harper as if fascinated.

"Says I have taken her pocket-book," exclaimed the girl, replying to the latter part of her employer's speech, "why, Mrs. Harper, I never saw her pocket-book in my life. The lady is mistaken."

And Dora May flashed an indignant glance at her accuser—a richly-dressed lady, with a handsome, but cold face.

The lady was Mrs. Harwich, wife of Judge Harwich, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in Brookville. Mrs. Harwich was a grand lady in Brookville; she was beautiful and educated, and a brilliant figure in the social circles of the town. But Mrs. Harwich was colder and prouder than any royal princess, and very ungracious to those whom she considered beneath her. She was also very wilful and impulsive by nature, which tendencies she did not think it worth while to check, and she was greatly disposed to jump at conclusions. She was also selfish and inconsiderate of the feelings of others—qualities which ill-befitted a lady in her position. Mrs. Harwich regarded the girl with a cold, haughty stare.

"I do not think I am mistaken, Miss," she said, "although I have no proof that you took the pocket-book. I laid it down for a moment on the counter near the spot where you were standing at the time, while I was examining some ribbons, and when I went to get it again it had disappeared. I did not take it, nor, of course, did Mrs. Harper; so it must have been you, as there was no one else here to take it."

"But I did not take it," said Dora, as tears of mortification sparkled in her eyes. "I don't remember seeing your pocket-book. I was busy at the time wrapping up some bundles and had no opportunity to notice your pocket-book. It must have fallen under the counter and got lost in some crevice."

"A likely story," sneered Mrs. Harwich.

Mrs. Harper glanced from one to the other in an embarrassed manner. Mrs. Harwich was an excellent customer of hers and she did not like to offend her, but on the other hand she had every confidence in her errand girl and could not believe that she had taken the pocket-book.

"Let us examine under the counter," she said, "and see if we can find it," and so saying both got down on their knees and searched the space beneath the counter, but after trying every empty box and crevice no pocket-book was found nor any trace of one.

"Of course not," sniffed Mrs. Harwich, when the result of the search was made known to her, "I never supposed you would find it there. That wicked girl has stolen it and invented this silly tale to conceal her theft. I would advise you to discharge her at once."

Mrs. Harper turned to her errand girl with a grave expression on her face.

"Dora," she said, kindly, "if you have taken this pocket-book confess and I will forgive you."

"But I did not take it, Mrs. Harper," again said Dora, indignantly. "I did not even see it and how could I have taken it?"

But the milliner was beginning to doubt her statement as circumstances were so strongly against her.

"You must have taken it, child," she said, regarding Dora sternly. "As Mrs. Harwich has said there was no one here to take it but you. Produce it at once, you wicked girl, or tell us what you have done with it."

But the girl could only reassert her innocence and repeat that she had never seen the property alluded to. She turned the pocket of her dress inside out and exposed its contents to her employer's gaze to prove that she was telling the truth and had no such thing on her person as a pocket-book.

Mrs. Harper's face assumed a blank expression when she saw that the missing property was not in Dora's pocket, and she was disposed to believe her, when a remark from her adult companion turned the tide.

"Oh! of course she has not got it in her pocket," said Mrs. Harwich, "these thieves are so sharp. She has no doubt concealed it in some place, waiting until the affair blows over. It does not matter much, however, as there was not much in it. You must excuse me; I will go now and leave you to deal with this perverse girl as you think best."

And with a parting adieu to Mrs. Harper the grand lady swept out of the store, while the milliner, convinced now of her errand girl's dishonesty, and angry with her for denying it, summarily discharged her and sent her home with a smirch on her character.

So poor Dora went home and told her story amid a flood of tears to her parents, who gave her what sympathy they could. Dora's parents were religious people and they cheered their grief-stricken child up, telling her that everything would come out all right in time. They had entire confidence in their daughter and were sure she had done no wrong, and so they felt that sooner or later justice would be done.

So Dora dried her tears and made the best of her position. There was plenty of work to be done around the house and she was not idle.

She expected every day to receive some

communication from her late employer, for she had told the truth when she said she had not taken the pocket-book. As a matter of fact Dora had not, as she had said, even seen the pocket-book; but circumstances, as we have seen, were strangely against her and like many another innocent person she had been condemned for a fault of which she was guiltless. But Dora felt that one day the missing property would be found and the stain upon her character removed. She was, therefore, contented in her innocence, and kept a brave heart trusting that time would clear up the mystery.

But days and weeks passed and Dora heard nothing from her late employer. The latter had secured a new girl in Dora's place and it looked as if our heroine would never again resume her duties there. But she kept her courage up and prayed every night that her innocence would yet be established.

Time passed and no answer came to her prayers. The people of Brookville had got wind of the unfortunate affair and when they saw Dora in the street they bent severe glances upon her, which was very painful to her.

However, one day, six months after Dora had so ignominiously been dismissed from her employ, she was amazed to see Mrs. Harper herself coming up the garden walk, and when Dora admitted her her amazement was increased when the milliner caught her around the neck and kissing her said:

"Oh! Dora, how can you ever forgive me? We found the pocket-book, Dora, but in such a strange way."

And then she went on to say that the missing pocket-book had been found under most peculiar circumstances. It seemed that after she had discharged Dora, Mrs. Harper had taken the affair of the missing pocket-book very much to heart. It puzzled and annoyed her exceedingly. She disliked to believe that her errand girl had wronged her and yet she was compelled to believe it, for, as the reader knows, everything pointed to Dora's guilt.

One night through thinking so much on the subject Mrs. Harper had a strange dream. She dreamed that she found the lost pocket-book under the counter in an out-of-the-way crevice near the floor. She did not pay much attention to the dream first, but when she dreamed the very same thing the two succeeding nights she began to think there was something in it. She at once searched under the counter and in the exact spot she had seen in her dream—a spot which had been overlooked when she and Dora searched—she found the missing pocket-book covered with dust.

Convinced now of Dora's innocence and full of remorse for having treated her so harshly, she at once sought her home to make what amends she could. She apologized profusely and offered to take Dora back, which offer was accepted and Dora resumed her place in the millinery store.

Our heroine and her parents were much gratified by this remarkable turn of affairs and looked upon it as the work of Providence.

Judge Harwich's wife when she learned of it also apologized to Dora, and made her a handsome present as a partial atonement for the injustice she had done the girl. Thus Dora May's reputation was "Saved by a Dream."

CLEVERLY CAUGHT.

One night, during the progress of a grand ball at the palace of Louis XVIII, a courtier had a valuable cloak stolen from him, and when the theft became known to the monarch, he was much annoyed at it, especially at the thought that such an occurrence could happen in his palace, under his very nose, as it were, and summoning M. Vidocq, the celebrated detective of Paris, he commissioned him to take the case in hand.

The detective started out to hunt the thief but not without some hesitation. The case was a rather puzzling one and did not promise an easy solution. He followed up every clue he could get, however, and worked on the case zealously, but without avail. The thief had covered his tracks too well and for once the shrewd police-agent was nonplussed.

One day, however, an idea struck him and he directed his footsteps toward a well-known second-hand clothing dealer's shop. This individual was well-known to Vidocq. Entering the old fellow's den, who bowed and smirked obsequiously to him, he astounded the latter by saying:

"You must come with me."

"Why so, monsieur?" the old clothesman stammered in surprise.

"I have a warrant for your arrest."

"For what, monsieur?"

"You are accused of receiving the cloak stolen from General X., at the ball at the King's palace, recently."

"Why, monsieur," exclaimed the clothing dealer in apparently great horror, "it is outrageous of you to make such an accusation against me. My character as an honest man is too well known to be affected by your suspicions. You are doing me a great injustice, and I will complain to the King how you have wronged me. Indeed I will; the King shall hear of this."

His anger and astonishment were evidently so sincere that Vidocq began to think he had made a mistake, but he continued, this time speaking in a more easy and confidential manner:

"Then you did not buy the stolen cloak?"

"Certainly not, monsieur; I do not trade in stolen articles at all and never did. I am poor, but honest, and it is an outrage for you to charge me with such an offence. Indeed it is a gross outrage, and the King—"

"Then it is unfortunate," said the wily police-officer, turning as if to leave the place. "There was a fortune in that cloak for both of us."

"A fortune, monsieur?" repeated the clothing dealer, "how so?"

"Why, General X., you know, lately came from Spain, whither he had been on business of the King, bringing with him three thousand francs in bank notes, and these bank notes—"

"Yes, monsieur, these bank notes, what about them?"

"They were sewed up in the lining of that stolen cloak."

"Oh! heaven," gasped the other, pallid with disappointment, "and I have just sold that very cloak to a ragman!"

Having thus "given himself away" to the detective, the latter at once arrested him and after confessing that he had received the stolen garment, it was recovered and the thief captured and punished, together with the skillfully entrapped "fence," who received ten years' penal servitude for his part of the transaction.



AT MYSTIC FRIENDS:
 As the cycle has been completed. Old father Time has at last with his sharpened scythe another blade from the field of time, and we have entered the bright new year of 1892. The blank leaf before us is ready to receive the account of our works for another season, and would that when it is filled we might find it an improvement on the previous page.
 As we look upon the record of "The Mystic Castle" of the past, we find many pleasures and joys marking its existence, and, too, while we are cherishing their fond memories, we have one event presented to us, which brings deep sorrow to our hearts.

God, in His divine wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved and earnest friend, Nelly Ly.

A young and faithful worker in the puzzleistic field, possessing many literary talents, she was widely known and her productions eagerly sought.
 Miss Nellie Babcock, as she was known in every life was a young lady of estimable qualities, and her death a great loss is sustained by a large circle of relatives and friends. After a severe illness of phoid fever, death came to her relief, and the pains and aches of this life were laid aside for that better life which awaits the faithful ones in the world beyond. Death occurred Sept. 2, 1891. The heartfelt sympathy of "Our Mystic Band" is extended to the bereaved relatives and friends in the great loss which they have sustained.

It is intended to make "The Mystic Castle" much better this year than it has been, and in this effort we hope that the mystic friends will aid, by making their work as free from mistakes as possible and obeying the instructions mentioned from time to time. Never write with lead pencil, always sign right name and address as well as *nom de plume*, write on one side of paper, only, and address all communications concerning "The Mystic Castle" to Oldcastle, Comfort, N. Y.

Oldcastle wishes to thank Ophir very much for his kindness, which was received in due time, and hopes that many more of his Mystic Friends will follow Ophir's example, that his photograph album of Mystic Friends may be completely filled.
 Attention is called to the "Gold Medal Tournament" announced below. Here is a chance for our solvers. Who will come out ahead? Hope all will try their best to reach the top round of the solvers' ladder, which truly is a difficult one to mount. We will have contests in different lines of puzzleistic work this year, and hope they will be entertaining and instructive to our readers. Is there any special contest you would like to have tried in "The Mystic Castle"? If so, let Oldcastle know and he will consider your request, and if it be a good one, will act upon it.

Puzzles have been received from: Bennie Factor, 1; Ajax, 3; Guy, 3; Venus, 3; Frank C., 3; Apache, 1; Little Do, Nothing, Roland, G. Whiz and Phil, 2; Blance, Robert Davis, Ilex, Katie Gallagher, Bitter sweet, W. H. S., J. A. Brooks, Florine and Black-eyed Charley one each.

Solvers to Oct. "Mysters" are as follows:—Completes:—Doc, Eglantine, Hercules, Essay and P. A. time, 11 each. Incomplete:—Mrs. Fanny White, Nancy, Waldemer, Regono, Delian, 10; Mollie E. Starkey, 9; Ypsie, Frank and Mrs. G. P. C., 8; Katie Green and H. A. Watha, 7; Cal I. Fornia, Columbia, 6; F. B., Florine and Marion Stevens, 6; Roland, Mrs. C. H. Haskell, Ben Net and Remardo, 5; Ajax and Kay, 4; Agricola, 3; Old Woman, Remlap and Bill, 2; A. A. and Dick Grover, 1.

Prize-Winners:—1. Doc. 2. Eglantine. 3. Hercules. 4. Specials:—1. Waldemar. 2. Regono. 3. Delian.
 Dear Mystic Friends, let us take all the pleasure we can this year from the "Mysteries" and aim to make them both entertaining and instructive.
 Hoping to hear from many new recruits and to have the older ones renew their interest, I now close my hat, and with carpet-bag in one hand and staff in the other start for home.

Your dear old Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

GOLD MEDAL TOURNAMENT.

To the solver making the best record in "The Mystic Castle" during the six months commencing Jan. 1, 1892, and ending July, 1892, will be awarded a Gold Medal, suitably inscribed and bearing winner's name.
 The medal will be of 10-karat gold, of artistic shape and finely ornamented. Dear solvers commence now and be earnest in your endeavors to win this beautiful GOLD MEDAL. The usual prizes for solving will be offered as hitherto.

Each contestant must be a subscriber to COMFORT, and if you want to join this Tourney and have not yet bought COMFORT do so at once. You will have no cause for regret. The result will be announced and medal awarded in August, 1892.

SOLUTIONS TO OCTOBER MYSTERIES.

No. 227. "Order is heaven's first law."
 No. 228. "O, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive."
 No. 229. Youandi { R. O. Chester.
 Eugene.
 No. 230. M-ORION, E-LARSE, L-UMBER, A-SLOPE, A-ARROW, C-RAVEN, T-RAVEL, H-ANGER, O-RALLY, A-UGHT—MELANTHON.
 No. 231. Apple. No. 232. Load-stone. No. 233. Never-the-less.

No. 234. SYNTAX YEARLY NAVALS TRAJET ALEGE X Y S T E R
 No. 235. TRADER REGALES AGATES DATIVE ELEVANT RESENT

No. 236. Calash-alash-alas-ash.
 No. 237. Innocence. (Inn-no-sense.)

MYSTERIES.

No. 206. Numerical.
 A 1, 8, 17, 18, 10, 2, 6 is a nobleman.
 A 7, 4, 6, 14, 15, 21, 2 is a yellowish spot on the skin.
 To 12, 10, 5, 17, 21, 2 is to refresh.
 A 16, 15, 18, 19 is a peasant.
 The A, 9 is the oolite.
 My whole, consisting of 21 letters, is a noted musical composer.
 Ridgefield, Ill. LE VAN.

No. 267. Numerical.

The 18, 5, 22, 11, 2, 26, 41, 29 is one newly received into the church.
 The 12, 17, 20, 19, 28, 42, 33 is one whose errors are doctrinal.
 The 8, 37, 43, 39, 3 is to flatter.
 The 32, 6, 10, 23, 44, 1 is thrown or spread out ostentatiously.
 The 14, 34, 7, 26, 4, 40 is a nap in the afternoon.
 The 25, 13, 27, 35, 16 is to attend.
 The 21, 38, 34, 31, 9 is a mask.
 The 16, 40, 30 is the hind part of the knee.
 The whole, composed of 44 letters, is a quotation from Daniel Robinson.
 Belfast, Me., ROMULUS.

No. 268. Palindrome.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
 Reads backward and forward the same,
 It expresses the sentiment warm from the heart,
 And to beauty lays principal claim.
 Tower City, Pa., OMA.

No. 269. Anagram.

HO! AM TRYING A PEG.
 All those who are in whole expert,
 Will find this riddle plain;
 Their well-trained minds they will exert,
 And quickly they'll explain.
 Embden, Me., GUY.

No. 270. Square.

1. A native sailor of the East Indies. 2. To fine.
 3. Small rolls of tobacco used for smoking. 4. A neck-cloth. 5. To make crazy. 6. To force back against the current.
 Ardmore, Pa., REMARDO.

No. 271. Square.

1. A book of institutes. 2. More expeditious. 3. One who takes for granted. 4. To puzzle. 5. Crests on coats of arms. 6. To choose again. 7. Stops.
 Gouldsboro Sta., Pa., ARTHUR.

No. 272. Charade.

The busy bee, from early morn
 'Till evening shades fall o'er the corn,
 From flower to flower, with wing so fleet,
 By first adds to its store of sweet.
 The lad of eight of times will say
 To his companions while at play,
 "I'll be a second someday, then,
 I will see the world like other men."
 "I will travel far o'er land and sea,
 And captain of a third will be.
 The whole shall be the very best,
 And then I'm sure 'twill stand the test."
 Pasadena, California, HICRE.

No. 273. Hour Glass.

Across. 1. To refine and exalt. 2. Afflictive. 3. Directly. 4. Bitter vetch. 5. A letter. 6. Chief or commander. 7. A delirium. 8. A socialist. 9. An extinct Indian tribe of N. Y. State.
 Upper left to lower right—Machines for drawing fax.
 Lower left to upper right—An English reformer and martyr of the 14th century.
 Centrals, down—Dyed before manufactured.
 Worcester, Mass., DOC.

No. 274. Half Square.

1. A letter. 2. A small coin. 3. A kind of stuff. 4. Standing still. 5. Roxy, (obs.). 6. Powerful. 7. A red color. 8. One who resents. 9. Those who are sorry for sin.
 San Francisco, Cal., J. C. M.

No. 275. Letter enigma.

In the "candy," for a treat,
 In the "honey," that's so sweet;
 In the "money," that we're earning,
 In the "fashion," that is turning;
 In the "honesty," of men,
 In the "praise," that's due to them,
 In the "fruits and flowers" that please,
 Total's found in all of these.
 Green's Landing, Me., THINKER.

No. 276. Double Letter Enigma.

In "magic" wonders,
 In "hasty" blunders;
 In "grassy" bowers,
 In "pretty" flowers;
 In "fertile" regions,
 In "countless" legions;
 My whole, often seen in days of old,
 Still yet, with your eyes, you may behold.
 Wataga, Ill., OLD PETE.

No. 277. Oblique Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. An African antelope. 3. A frame on which clothes are dried. 4. Gowns. 5. A collection of papers, etc. 6. A kind of divination anciently practiced by means of marked arrows. 7. Loosens. 8. That which supplies strength. 9. Turkish arrows. 10. A letter.
 Bennett, Nebr., HERCULES.

No. 278. Diamond.

1. A letter from New York. 2. A surprise. 3. A tree. 4. A genus of birds. 5. Comes once a month. 6. A Venetian coin. 7. Old musical instruments. 8. Relatives, (abbr.). 9. A letter from Maine.
 Firth, Nebr., H. A. WATHA.

No. 279. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. To draw from. 3. A kind of Jewish habit. 4. Played on a small drum. 5. Small musical instruments. 6. A kind of galvanic battery. 7. The geometrical sum of all the sides of a body. 8. An indicator. 9. To prevent. 10. Three-fourths of a Scripture proper name. 11. A letter.
 Albany, N. Y., REMLAP.

No. 280. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. To beat. 3. Heads. 4. Official documents conferring a right or privilege on some person or party. 5. A small sail used under a studding-sail. 6. A worm. 7. In a personal manner. 8. Of old. 9. Foolish. 10. A meadow. 11. A letter.
 Poulitney, Vt., GUARDINEER.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

For the best list of answers to this month's "Mysteries," Mammoth Stamping Outfit. Second best list, Payne's Business Pointers. Third, Webster's Handy Dictionary.
 Specials:—Two six-month's subscriptions to COMFORT awarded by lot among the rest of the solvers.
 Contest closes March 1, 1892. Solvers and prize-winners announced in April "Mystic Castle."

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